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# The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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## New Wine and Old Bottles

THE attempts to write fiction differently have now been so numerous, some of them so distinguished, many so bizarre, that it is no longer difficult to guess what it all means. The least observant reader must have noticed, whether in Proust, in Joyce—in Sherwood Anderson, in Ernest Hemingway, in Glenway Wescott, in Elizabeth Madox Roberts, in John Dos Passos, the struggle to make their narratives tell many things that earlier novelists left out. So unlike among themselves, these novelists yet resemble each other in a shared feeling that what they felt or saw in life was not made articulate by the accepted mediums of fiction. Like Whitman, they found no sphere adequate to what they wished to express, and so tried to create one. And like C. K. Ogden and I. A. Richards they have been increasingly distrustful of the accuracy of words, no matter how beautifully used, to catch up and make precise all of their meanings; and they have devised many variations from accepted modes in order to capture elusive significance: Proust an elaborate and meticulous analysis of sensation going far beyond the needs of plot; Joyce a dependence upon sound and connotation of words—in his last work an almost exclusive use of word-associations, as if a piece should be played in overtones; Hemingway a stark repetition until the quality of the emotion is chipped out by main force; and in that interesting American novelist, Will Faulkner, whose "As I Lay Dying" has just been published, a curious trick by which simple, powerfully emotioned crackers of Mississippi are allowed to analyze their own feelings in a vocabulary quite beyond their cultural stage and yet very helpful to the reader in understanding the profound complexity of their instinctiveness.

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And yet at the very moment when these experimental methods are beginning to appear even in the most stereotyped magazines, there is a strong reaction under way toward the old-fashioned novel of straightforward plot and integrated character. Priestley, in his "Angel Pavement," has followed his own example of "The Good Companions," in each book seeking to establish personality and character by characteristic speech and actions, trying to make of each person of the stories the figure which you and I, if gifted with sapience and sympathy, might have seen. A. P. Herbert is doing the same; Galsworthy has always done it. Tarkington, in spite of what younger critics more interested in novelties than in the integrity of an imagined life may say, is highly successful in the same mode in his "Mirthful Haven." Willa Cather has experimented with plot arrangement, but is content to leave her personalities whole and to use the language of direct description instead of writing her books from the inside out.

This reaction means neither failure nor success for the experimentalists. It proves but one thing: that if you see human nature more or less as Fielding, Jane Austen, Thackeray, Galsworthy see it, the plot and character narrative, depending chiefly upon familiar action, recognizable detail, and familiar speech, is still the best way to create convincing fiction. And there is every reason to suppose that in spite of new psychologies of every color we shall continue to desire on frequent occasions to see personalities whole, characters as persons, not as a complex of phases, and actions that assemble themselves into plot.

But if the old is not going out, the new is assuredly coming in. There are states of mind, conditions of the nerves, impulses of the body, in the machine age, which the old omnibus story simply does not get. The subtleties that result from speed and uprooting require new words and a new ordering of words to express them. We shall, indeed, never catch up with change until the masters of these modernist techniques have got past experiment and learned to communicate as well as the makers of the old familiar plots. Then their methods will give over a tiny increment of adaptability to the great tradition of the English novel, and lose their singularity. What is really important is not *how* a story is told, but *what* is told successfully, which is something that many critics, but few readers, forget.

## *Lip No Lies*

By THEODORE MAYNARD

SONG, that once gave easy joy
To an all untroubled boy,
Now give comfort, if you can,
To a trouble-burdened man!

Lip no lies! lest I should curse
Even the hallowed name of verse.
Now I put you to the test:
Fix me in an iron rest.

Horace, Heine, Housman, bring
Caustic to the adder's sting!
Catullus and the Anthology,
Blast me and be blest by me!

Villon! Ah, what use to ask
Help in my own private task?
I must write it as I can,
Born of woman not of man.

## *This Week*

"Dictionary of American Biography."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"White April."
Reviewed by JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER.

"The Eagle and the Serpent."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"My Own Far Towers."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

"The Waters under the Earth."
Reviewed by LOUIS BROMFIELD.

"The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."
Reviewed by LEONARD BACON.

"On Forsyte 'Change."
Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

"Philippa."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

John Mistletoe. XV.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Experience and Dogma.
By IRVING BABBITT.

A Letter from London.
By J. B. PRIESTLEY.

## *Next Week, or Later*

Book Reviewing in America.
By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.

## James McNeill Whistler*

By JAMES LAVER

WHISTLER had no resources on which he could fall back when he was alone. He read nothing either in French or English, although from their frequent occurrence in his conversation he seems once to have read Bret Harte and Edgar Allan Poe. Music meant nothing to him whatever, although he liked to use musical terms. Perhaps the fondness for applying such terms to other arts is the surest sign of the unmusical mind. He took no interest in any painting but his own, and never hung upon his walls any work that he had not painted himself. He was fond of the theater, but that was part of his love of a crowd. His dread of solitude was almost pathological. With no one to "take notice" he was miserable and ill at ease, and this craving to be looked at was at the bottom of his eccentricity and of his unacknowledged love of London. In the country there was no one to remark the pink bows on his dancing pumps or the long white cane, and in Paris such things have no prestige. But London, London of the 'eighties, was the perfect background, Bond Street the ideal stage.

In his early days in Paris he had been noticeable for his large straw hat perched jauntily on the top of his abundant curls. When he first came to London he tried to introduce the very sensible fashion of wearing white duck in the summer. He returned from Venice in a cloak so extraordinary that his more formal English friends were ashamed to be seen in the street with him, but he soon discarded it for what became his typical costume. This consisted of a well-cut black frock coat, worn rather long, a very tall silk hat with flat brim (an idea he had borrowed from the painter Chase), white trousers, and patent leather pumps, occasionally worn with colored bows. In his right hand he carried a long cane almost as tall as himself, and in his eye twinkled the famous monocle, with which to stare the bourgeois out of countenance.

* * *

It is a difficult question how far an artist is justified in using methods of publicity. Certainly to live quietly and remote from one's fellows is not the way to enjoy fame before one's death. True fame burgeons slowly while notoriety is a weed that grows with the rapidity of the beanstalk. It is sometimes possible to use it as a prop for the tender plant of true fame, and in this Whistler, more than anyone else, was to succeed.

In an artist, the desire to be talked about may not spring altogether from personal vanity. Fame, even if artificial, is not only a balm, it is a tonic, and some kind of recognition is essential if that artist is to go on working at all. If he is a poor man it is the only alternative to starvation; if he is well provided for in material things it is none the less necessary for his well-being. Without it his talent is dwarfed and stunted, as we can hardly doubt that Blake's talent was dwarfed and stunted by too narrow a circle of admirers. Even poetry, most self-contained of all the arts, suffers by lack of an audience, and other artists are not so fortunate as the poet. The unacknowledged architect or actor is deprived even of the materials of his craft. Sculptors are perpetually hampered by the lack of stuff to work in, and painters only less so. But even given the materials, for lack of a commission the artist may never even sus-

* This article, in somewhat expanded form, will constitute part of a chapter in Mr. Laver's "James McNeill Whistler," shortly to be issued by the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

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pect his own power. The existence of the vast ceiling of the Sistine Chapel was an essential part of Michelangelo's inspiration. An artist must have some kind of fame during his lifetime if he is to do his best work.

If that is so, then the artist is justified in organizing his own fame if he can, or in other words, publicity is an essential part of his business.

Having produced his work of art the artist must see to it that it is not left on his hands. The presence of rows of canvases not only decreases the use of a painter's studio; it cramps his inspiration. He must let people know there is work to be bought and he must induce them to buy it.

But personal notoriety is a very dangerous thing. It antagonizes as many as it attracts and very often a serious artist (as Whistler was) suffers from the reputation for flippancy which he has himself labored to build up. The craving for public notice is, however, largely a matter of temperament. Some great artists have loved posturing and some have not, and it is only the posturing mediocre artist who is unforgivable. The best excuse for Whistler's behavior, whether calculated or not to increase his immediate fame, is that he could not help it.

* * *

He was, no doubt, fortunate in his epoch. Advertising was in its infancy, and he had all the advantages of the pioneer. Then, too, people still strolled, and, not being in perpetual danger from the surrounding traffic, could pause to stare. Fame, like everything else, has been canned, and the world no longer enjoys its notables in the flesh but in the illustrated papers. If Whistler had lived today, he would have been compelled to have himself photographed upside down. In the 'eighties it was sufficient to stroll down Bond Street.

Even in the studio he preferred not to be alone, and unlike most artists seems to have been glad of company even when he was working. Uncongenial visitors he knew well how to chase away, and he took a perverse pleasure in assuming the mountebank to those whom he considered stupid. He displayed his work to the accompaniment of incessant patter. His long, thin hands were never still for an instant—whisking out the drawings, adjusting his monocle, gesticulating in the air—while, as every work appeared, the mouth would form, only half interrogatively, the word "Pretty?"

He was always late, by habit and on principle, and he hated to go to bed before the small hours of the morning. After a theater he always went to the Hogarth Club, where he was immediately surrounded by a group of admirers, some sitting on the floor at his feet and gazing up at him with rapture. Whistler sat enthroned, a tiny glass of liqueur in one hand, the other playing with his eyeglass or making passes in the air, his shrill voice and loud laugh echoing through the club. When he was tired of it he would persuade some of the young men to walk home with him to Chelsea, if the night was fine.

To be with him on these occasions was to see Whistler at his best. As the river was reached, with its long low banks, its distant lights, the mysterious shapes of boats and barges half seen through the darkness, a change would come over him. The man-about-town would fall away, and the artist reassert himself. The beauty of the Thames at midnight melted the hard shell of his egotism. He forgot to advertise and began to create, or at least to observe and feel. The method employed was that which had been taught to his friends in Paris by Lecoq de Boisbaudran, and which Whistler had learned from them. He imparted it to his followers, and made them listen while he recited the scene he had just observed. He would look for a long time at some particular group of objects, and then turning his back would describe them, noting particularly the gradation of color and the relation of tone.

"Look," he would say, "at that golden interior with the two spots of light, and that old woman with the checkered shawl. See the warm purple tone outside going up to the green of the sky, and the shadows from the windows thrown on the ground. What an exquisite lacework they form." Next morning Menpes would find him at work on a nocturne.

His pamphlet against critics had given him a taste for writing, and since, in the absence of commissions for portraits, he had time on his hands, he set about expounding the principles of his art in a lecture.

Whistler never did anything carelessly. Everything, from his personal appearance to his portraits, from the decoration of his house to the butterfly buttonholes he gave away at a private view, was contrived with conscious artistry. There was none of the wastage of more robust genius. Not even a witticism was wasted. His failures were not things he had "thrown off," but things that had defeated him after desperate strivings, for his method had its own limitations.

When he turned to literature he brought to it the same meticulous care which distinguished every other department of his life. An amateur he was not, for he imparted a professional touch to everything he did. His written works, therefore, have none of the easy charm of some occasional writers. There is no self-revelation, but a hard metallic surface below which it is impossible to penetrate.

He gave immense labor to the polishing of his lecture. It was to be his manifesto, and every word mattered. He was careful too that it should have its proper setting, just as he was anxious that his pictures should be suitably framed and appropriately hung. He chose the old St. James's Hall (now replaced by a hotel), partly on account of its excellent acoustics, and partly because, being situated in Piccadilly, it was conveniently near the houses of his fashionable friends. A prophet of Ruskin's make thought that a little hardship was good for an audience. If people wished to hear the gospel of art in conditions more comfortable than those in which they listened to the gospel of religion, they were probably unworthy of the Message and had better stay away. Whistler's method was the exact opposite. He decided to make his audience as comfortable as possible. They were not even to hurry over their dinners. Far better that the men should linger over their port and the women over their scandal, so that both might come to his lecture in a more exalted frame of mind. Whistler never deluded himself into the belief that art, for the majority of Englishmen, was anything but a luxury.

His lecture, therefore, was fixed for ten o'clock, and Piccadilly was choked with the elegant carriages whose late occupants moved leisurely to their places in St. James's Hall. Whistler appeared in beautifully cut evening dress, his white hands moving like a conjurer's, his eye-glass twinkling. He apologized to his audience for appearing before them in the character of the Preacher. He deplored the efforts of those (like Ruskin, although he did not mention him) who had tried to popularize art. "Alas! ladies and gentlemen, Art has been maligned. She has nought in common with such practices. She is a goddess of dainty thought—reticent of habit, abjuring all obtrusiveness, purposing in no way to better others." The protest against ethical irrelevance is well justified, but "dainty thought" is a piece of special pleading.

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Whistler went on to defend the complete absorption of the artist in his own pursuits, and ridiculed the notion that great masters had ever lived in common understanding with their patrons. "There never was an artistic period. There never was an art-loving nation," but he admitted that there was a time when "the amateur was unknown— and the dilettante undreamed of," and when people were surrounded with beautiful things because there were no other. If this Golden Age was not an artistic period it is hard to see what could be implied by the term. Whistler declared that "the world was flooded with all that was beautiful, until there arose a new class, who discovered the cheap, and foresaw fortune in the future of the sham"; but he omitted to say how this astonishing change came about, and whose fault it was, if the fault were anyone's.

He was on surer ground in protesting against that heresy of "truth to nature" which had vitiated so much of Ruskin's criticism.

> Nature contains the elements, in color and form, of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music.
>
> But the artist is born to pick and choose, and group with science these elements that the result may be beautiful—as the musician gathers his notes and forms his chords, until he brings forth from chaos, glorious harmony.
>
> To say to the painter that Nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player that he may sit on the piano.

It must seem strange to us, after the opposite excesses of some modern painting, that there was ever anything astonishing, to a cultivated audience, in the mild and reasonable doctrine propounded by Whistler. But he, having disposed of one heresy, proceeded to fall headlong into another. For the "vice of subject" is no less a vice when the painter looks to the beauties of the objects before him, than when he searches out their moral significance, and it is simply not true that the brilliant sunshine which delights the holiday-maker, and lights up the windows of the Crystal Palace, causes the painter to turn aside and shut his eyes. He does if he is Whistler; he does not if he is Monet.

In the passage that followed, Whistler's voice grew warm and eloquent. "And when," he cried, "the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home; the working man and the cultured one; the wise man and the one of pleasure cease to understand, as they have ceased to see, and Nature who, for once, has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master—her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her."

The passage shows that Whistler could write; it is also an admirable summary of what he chose to paint, but as esthetic doctrine, it is quite worthless. Romanticism does not change its nature because it puts forward the clock, and it only requires a few years of the filtering down of taste for some esthetic revolutionary to denounce a "very foolish twilight" as bitterly as Whistler had just denounced "a very foolish sunset."

Manet, when he wished to simplify, did so frankly. He did not pretend that the outlines were blurred in mist and the contours lost in shadow. But Manet and Whistler, although their art had a common source, had now flowed far apart, and with the later developments of impressionism, Whistler had no sympathy whatever.

Whistler went on, quite rightly, to protest against the literary bias of contemporary critics, and against the whole notion, then so common, that painting was elevated by depicting some noble incident or improving anecdote. Such a complaint is now largely obsolete, although the passage that followed in Whistler's lecture might still find its mark.

"There are those also, somber of mien, and wise with the wisdom of books, who frequent museums and burrow in crypts; collecting—comparing—compiling—classifying—contradicting.

"Experts these—for whom a date is an accomplishment—a hall-mark, success!

"Careful in scrutiny are they, and conscientious of judgment, establishing, with due weight, unimportant reputations, discovering the picture by the stain on the back—testing the torso, by the leg that is missing . . . disputatious and dictatorial concerning the birthplace of inferior persons—speculating, in much writing, upon the great worth of bad work."

Whistler, with his aristocratic instincts, had a great contempt for the effort to educate the masses which engaged Ruskin's whole strength. The "one unspoken sympathy that pervades humanity is—Vulgarity!" But Whistler had no liking for the Esthetes either, and the fashionable ranks of his audience must have stirred with pleasure as he besought them to listen to no dress reformers, but to seek elegance before all things. "Your own instinct," he told them, "is near the truth—your own wit far surer guide than the untaught ventures of thick-heeled Apollos." Art, he told them, just happened, and nothing they could do would help to bring it about. "We have then but to wait until—with the mark of the gods upon him—there come among us again the chosen—who shall continue what has gone before. Satisfied that, even were he never to appear, the story of the beautiful is already complete—hewn in the marbles of the Parthenon—and broidered with the birds, upon the fan of Hokusai—at the foot of Fujiyama."

No wonder the lecture was a success! No wonder the fashionable ladies and gentlemen went home well pleased with the lecturer and with themselves! Here was no grumbling prophet telling them that they must scrub floors and dig roads before they had the right even to look at art. Here was no obsession with social problems, but elegance speaking to elegance and saying that all was well. The invitation cards stood thicker upon Whistler's mantelpiece than they had ever stood before.

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"Who, "says the London *Observer*, "will represent the Shakespeare family at the forthcoming 'decendants' dinner' of the Poetry Society? Twenty years ago it was one of the Hart family, of High Wycombe, who are derived from the poet through the marriage of his youngest daughter, Joan, with William Hart, a Stratford hatter. Towards the end of the sixteenth century the family migrated to Tewkesbury, and it was there that there lived, in 1817, a William Shakespeare Hart."

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# A Model Work

DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY. Under the auspices of the American Council of Learned Societies. Vols. III, IV, and V. BREARLY to CHANDLER, CHANFRAU to CUSHING, CUSHMAN to EBERLE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $12.50 each.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE third volume of this monumental work carries on its title-page, "Edited by Allen Johnson"; the fourth and fifth, "Edited by Allen Johnson and Dumas Malone." With these three volumes, each containing more than 600 double-column pages, the enterprise stands one-fourth completed. It grows in excellence; the second volume was better than the first, and these three are better than the second. In the initial volume there was a certain amount of tentative and rather arid writing, but it is plain that the contributors have gained by studying the best models there laid before them. It is evident also that the editors have learned something both in the choice of contributors, and in the editing of their productions. Such an undertaking as this abounds in pitfalls. Dubious names can be included, good names can be omitted, the wrong amount of space can be apportioned not only to individuals but to lines of activity—letters, science, industry, politics—poor contributors can be chosen, and poor work can be goodnaturedly passed. It is remarkable with what success the editors have avoided these errors. They have lifted their enterprise to a plane where the contributors feel that not merely excellence but an attempt at distinction is required of them. A comparison of these volumes with the biographical sections in the new "Encyclopædia of the Social Sciences" is all to the advantage of the former.

It is a mistake to regard this simply as a reference work. Perhaps its principal day-by-day utility will be for those who run across a name and must "look it up," or to those scholars who must look up some detail under a well-known name. But it is more—it is a key to a vast amount of knowledge not contained within its own covers. It is still more than that—it is a pasture in which readers can and should browse without any initial impulse except general curiosity. In fact, those who have it at hand will lose its highest value if they do not use it for frequent roving expeditions. Into each volume is distilled the essence of hundreds of American lives, and the thick mesh of these lives makes up American history. Any reader who runs through several volumes will gain such an impression of the breadth, variety, adventure, and versatile energy of American life as he can obtain nowhere else. It is something of an education in the rich contrasts of American experience merely to note how wide are the gaps between adjacent names: Aaron Burr the adventurer and politician, Elihu Burritt the learned blacksmith, Burrington the colonial governor, Burrall the president of the Illinois Central, Burroughs the naturalist, and so on.

* * *

Of the outstanding men in these three volumes—the men eminent enough to receive from four thousand to eight thousand words each—the political figures are a majority. They include Cleveland, who is a good deal of a hero to Frederic L. Paxson, and James Buchanan, who is far from a hero to Carl Russell Fish; Burr, upon whom Isaac J. Cox has expended much fresh research, and whose activities in the Southwest in 1805-06 he places in a much clearer and more defensible light; Henry Clay by E. M. Coulter, Bryan by the late John Spencer Bassett, and Calhoun by Ulrich B. Phillips. All these are capably treated. Two or three papers stand out with distinction. One is the study of Jefferson Davis by Nathaniel W. Stephenson, which takes a mass of conflicting material and extricates from it both an illuminating summary of Davis's career as a statesman, and an appreciative interpretation of his cold personality, which is likened to that of Henry Esmond. Giving almost half his space to the presidency, Mr. Stephenson emphasizes the struggle of two parties within the Confederacy. Equally good is J. G. Randall's study of the somewhat baffling Salmon P. Chase—his relations with Lincoln, his unquenchable ambition for the presidency, and his work as chief justice. Literature has fewer names. Besides the sketch of William Cullen Bryant, there are exceptionally good papers by Carl Van Doren on Cooper and Charles Brockden Brown, an expert appraisal of Burroughs by Norman Foerster, and an essay on George W. Curtis by George S. Hellman which is good in everything save that it slights Curtis's work as editor of *Harper's Weekly*.

Yet the papers on these eminent names must not be unduly emphasized. Men of this stature have or will have full-length biographies, and good ones. The more valuable service of a work of this kind lies in its essays on those secondary figures who, though their careers are of real importance, will never have a book devoted to them. Many of the one thousand or two thousand word papers represent laborious research. Some of them are and will remain the last word on their subject. Where else could one find—save with days of hunting—the information a student often needs on men like Dolliver or Cummins, or Jeremiah Black or Champ Clark? The sketch of Dolliver by Jeannette Nichols and that of Cummins by Fred E. Haynes contain information unprocurable elsewhere. There are a crowd of such figures as Arnold Daly, to whose struggle with Anthony Comstock over "Mrs. Warren's Profession" Walter Prichard Eaton gives an informing paragraph; Ignatius Donnelly, whose eccentricities as a political reformer and literary man are amusingly treated by J. D. Hicks; Chauncey Depew, who appears in Don C. Seitz's sketch as decidedly different from the man painted in his own reminiscences; Frank H. Dodd, who built up a publishing house with the novels of E. P. Roe as his first financial mainstay; Hiram Corson of Cornell, doughty scholar, and such a believer in spiritualism that he kept flower-decked shrines for his dead friends and delighted to think them close around him; and Alexander Dowie, of whose career as a heavenly apostle at Zion City Ernest Sutherland Bates gives an amusing history. Sometimes the limitations of space are painfully evident. One is disappointed to find Joseph G. Cannon, who represented so much in American political life, allowed but a page. But it is extraordinary how much new information sometimes is packed into these sketches.

WHISTLER AND DU MAURIER IN 1860
A drawing by Du Maurier for *Punch*, reproduced in James Laver's "Whistler."

To this reviewer the most interesting single paper in these three volumes was Burton J. Hendrick's essay on Andrew Carnegie. For the present this seven-page sketch represents the fullest and best-informed biography of Carnegie available anywhere. Throughout the work industrial pioneers and leaders continue to receive much fuller attention than in previous biographical encyclopædias. There are careful short biographies, for example, of Henry Disston, the saw-maker; Francis M. Drexel, the wandering portrait-painter who founded a great Philadelphia banking-house; Jacob Dold, the Buffalo meat-packer; Peter Donahue, the San Francisco iron-master; and J. S. Cutler, the inventor of the mail-chute for office and apartment buildings. Indeed, no side of American life is slighted. The freaks, the criminals, and the curiously unique are here. They include Robert Dalton, the horse-thief; "Lord" Timothy Dexter, of the warming-pans and the private poet-laureate; Deerfoot, the great Indian runner, who bested England's best about the time of the Civil War; and Pauline Cushman, the once famous Union spy, who died a suicide. There are others here whose careers, familiar enough to specialists, will strike the ordinary reader with surprise; William Pott Dewees, for example, a pioneer obstetrician, who made his subject a science in Philadelphia at a time (1790-1830) when the "man midwife" was regarded with derision.

Here and there in these volumes the critical reader will discover an error. One unwary writer on Noah Brooks, for example, has him contributing to the *Overland Monthly* in Civil War days, when that magazine was not founded till 1868. One wonders regarding certain omissions—Mrs. Caroline E. Corbin, the Chicago novelist and mother of John Corbin; Charles W. Dulles, the Philadelphia surgeon; Jacob P. Dunn, long State librarian in Indiana and historian of that State. But on the whole the work is edited with the highest kind of ability and the most scrupulous accuracy. It is perhaps adequate praise to say that it is more than fulfilling the high expectations that were formed when the Council of Learned Societies took it in charge, and with the support of Mr. Adolph S. Ochs, selected Dr. Allen Johnson as its editor.

# Lyric Veteran

WHITE APRIL. By LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. 1930. $1.50.

Reviewed by JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER

IT would be an ill thing for Lizette Woodworth Reese as well as for themselves if most of her readers should know her only by her latest book of poems, "White April," embodying though it does many of her excellencies. Reading this book as a purely contemporaneous work, one could see at a glance its perfections and its limitations. And yet one would not know this woman as a pioneer—one who, in a lesser but no less consistent way than Emily Dickinson, released woman's poetry from a stilted and sentimental pattern into an arresting and highly personal expression. Here is a woman in her mid-seventies writing with the verve and tenderness of a young girl; and so long and so consistently has she influenced more than a generation of women poets, that, read casually today, she seems one only slightly more gifted among a score of talented writers.

It is a curious exercise to track down this influence, to seize upon the salient features that her imitators, conscious or unconscious, have incorporated into their own verses. It is not form. Miss Reese's forms are the traditional forms of our lyric verse, with a preponderance of short quatrains and occasional sonnets. What makes her poems so effective, aside from their intrinsic beauty, is the habit of seeing common things romantically and bringing into sudden and almost violent juxtaposition the heroic and the humble, the minute and the momentous. Nowhere does she do this more characteristically than in:

OWNERSHIP

Love not a loveliness too much,
For it may turn and clutch you so,
That you be less than any serf,
And at its bidding go.

Be master; otherwise you grow
Too small, too humble, like to one
Long dispossessed, who stares through tears
At his lost house across the sun.

Wild carrot in an old field here,
A steeple choked with music there,
Possess, as part of what is yours;
Thus prove yourself the heir.

Your barony is sky and land,
From morning's start to the night's close;
Bend to your need Orion's hounds,
Or the thin fagot of a rose.

Again and again she employs this method and where the contrasts are not directly stated, they are implied.

A few repeated themes run through her work: love and betrayal; the suffering and solace of spring; the eternal lure of nature, and the veriest little of philosophy. The titles of her books ("White April," "A Branch of May," "A Handful of Lavender," "A Quiet Road," "Wild Cherry") like her poems, have a distressing if rustic similarity. The note is personal and unmistakably feminine. Her vocabulary, while it lacks the outstanding singularity of Emily Dickinson's, has a certain aromatic pertness and clipped grace, that with a few notable exceptions, has been taken over by a body of younger women writers. So much so that one might read aloud anonymously a dozen pieces from "White April"—such sharply different poems as "Words," "Heat," "Afar," "Things," "Succory"—and ascribe them to at least a half-dozen assorted authors.

This is not to belittle Miss Reese. She made this field hers and has impressed her pattern on a generation. It is only to say that it needs an historical

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memory to be able to read these poems without a sense of echo. This is the dissatisfaction of reading the book as a book (a method disastrous and unfair to all except epic or dramatic poetry). The rewards come with individual poems in which Miss Reese breaks through her self-imposed mannerisms into a larger utterance.

## Mexico in Revolution

THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT. By MARTIN LUÍS GUZMÁN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

MARTIN LUÍS GUZMÁN'S reminiscences of the Mexican Revolution, in "The Eagle and the Serpent," are not history in the formal sense and yet they may well give the foreign reader more than formal history usually does of the authentic "feel" of the time.

Señor Guzmán held various offices under the administration of President Madero. After Huerta overthrew and killed Madero, young Guzmán, who sympathized with "the Revolution" rather than with the ambitions of the military chieftains who so commonly swallow up reform movements in Spanish America, had a chequered experience. He followed Carranza for a time, then joined Villa. He was exiled, taught Spanish at the University of Minnesota, returned to Mexico, established the newspaper *El Mundo*, was exiled again.

He writes this book in Spain, looking back with almost an outsider's detachment on the astonishing mixture of idealism, brutality, and daily melodrama which he lived through during the years when the rest of the world was at war in Europe. He deals in personalities and day-to-day happenings rather than in bird's eye views or political theory; constructs long dialogues which could not have been remembered accurately or taken down in short hand—in short, follows almost the method of the novelist in giving his own feelings about, rather than the so-called objective record of, the facts that came under his eyes.

He saw much of Villa and his picture of this extraordinary leader—"more jaguar than man"—is a real contribution. From Huerta, "the traitor and assassin," Guzmán and his friends, "poor visionaries—for then we were only that—armed only with the feeble experience of our books and early ideals," ran into the arms of Pancho Villa, "a jaguar tamed, for the moment, for our work, or for what we believed was our work; a jaguar whose back we stroked with trembling hand, fearful that at any moment a paw might strike out at us."

Brutality follows brutality. Rudolfo Fierro murders three hundred prisoners, picking them off one by one, as they are driven across a stable-yard. There is a picture of a "forced loan"—*i. e.* a handful of well-to-do citizens are threatened with death unless each hands over a prescribed amount of money before a certain hour; one actually is hanged, in cold blood, whereupon the others, somehow or other, wangle the funds. How literally true this and similar episodes may be, the outsider can only surmise, but one gets the notion that for the most part Guzmán's stuff has at least artistic truth. If so-and-so wasn't precisely what happened at a particular time and place, it was what might or "ought" to have happened. Similar things were happening all over the place.

One of the definitely valuable things about the narrative is the picture it gives of the utterly haphazard nature of much of the horror of a violent revolution—the way in which innumerable lives hang on the mere toss-up of a dictator's passing mood (that episode, for instance, in which Villa ordered 170 of Herrera's men, who had given themselves up, to be shot, and a moment later, under Guzmán's timid solicitation, set the telegraph operator to clicking off their reprieve) and all the acts done, not because of any policy or plan, but merely because some dull, blundering ignoramus had to do something and didn't know what to do next. On this side, Guzmán's narrative is as true of Russia, and doubtless of China, as it is of Mexico.

The reader unacquainted with Mexico should be warned that this is by no means a complete picture, either of the Revolution or of Mexico. The brutality of these episodes doesn't destroy the humane reality behind Rivera's frescoes, for instance, and scarcely touches on that gentleness, beauty, and charm which made so presumably hard-headed a man as Ambassador Morrow, talk poetry when he said good-bye to Mexico.

## "Saint's Progress"

SAINT JOHNSON. By W. R. BURNETT. New York: The Dial Press. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by OAKLEY JOHNSON

INTELLECTUAL interest in the old-fashioned dime thriller and renewed literary interest in pure narrative combine to give a definite direction to a considerable part of contemporary fiction. The one has encouraged the novel to slough off the long accretions of philosophizing, sentimentalizing, and propagandizing, and to concern itself solely with action and talk; the other, concurrently, has made the discovery that the primitive western prairies and our primitive city underworld are fit stuff for stories. W. R. Burnett has profited from this situation, and has done a good deal to intensify it by his excellent novels.

His last work, "Saint Johnson," is a western story; the scene is laid in the Arizona of frontier days. Wayt Johnson, federal peace officer and chief character of the book, attempts to clean up the town of Alkali, in which "citizens" and unruly cowhands and miners mingle in nightly carousals in the saloons and dancehalls. With Wayt are his two brothers, Luther and Jim, a gambler named Brant White, and a gunman called Deadwood, who reverence him and call him "boss." Opposed are a mine owner and two ranching families, of whom the local sheriff is a willing tool. There is a rapid series of absorbing scenes, and Wayt very nearly succeeds in making Alkali comparatively civilized, but the unprovoked killing of his younger brother by a member of the opposition, in the midst of taunts and double-dealing, so enrages him that he relapses into two-gun methods, avenges his brother, and leaves town with his men.

In this novel Burnett again shows himself a master of pure narrative. The story makes use of the regular data of western adventure yarns; it differs in its style. The trite phrases are conspicuous, if one may say so, by their delightful absence, and so is the over-use—but not the use—of nicknames and other theatrical wild west machinery. There is a climatic rise of interest based on simple statement and understatement of breath-taking events, relieved by the homely dry humor in the conversation of the characters.

"Saint Johnson" is a convincing story, on the whole, and certainly one of the best in its field.

## The Things We Do

MY OWN FAR TOWERS. By MATHILDE EIKER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MISS EIKER is probably condemned to be a novelist for a limited public, for the few who can endure the relentless examination of the fundamentals of everyday life by one of the most inexorably unsentimental minds in modern letters. Once she experimented in sentiment, none too happily; now she returns to the mood of the unforgettable "Mrs. Mason's Daughters," and her devotees will give three cheers as she comes back home. "My Own Far Towers" is shorter than "Mrs. Mason's Daughters," and easier reading; but it has the same faultless and minute observation, the same clear-eyed perception of what is, not what ought to be; the same pervasive irony.

It might be described as the genetic history of an old maid; but that would be like describing "War and Peace" as a book about two men who fell in love with the same girl. The old maid in question rids herself of maidenhood, and her sense of age, at last, in a happy ending which Miss Eiker manages to make not only plausible but compelling; but you cannot believe there could ever be a really happy ending for Lucy Vale. For she was one of that unhappy band predestined to damnation—the people with a sense of responsibility, the Marthas who do the work so that the Marys can have leisure to display the more engaging social virtues. The Mary of this tale was Lucy's brother Ellery, on whom the parents Lucy supported lavished their affection, and what money they had. Ellery was always getting married when he shouldn't, or not getting married when he should; sometimes he had trouble keeping out of jail; but always he was good-humored, gracious, lovable. He had charm.

And was Lucy ennobled by self-sacrifice, refined and sweetened by bearing the burdens of life? Look at any of the Lucys you know. She grew acrid, uncharitable, suspicious—but irony and objectivity saved her at last, kept her from souring and drying up.

If you like to believe that the meek are blessed, you had better not read this; no one is blessed, Lucy concluded, but the irresponsible. But the book is considerably more than a study in responsibility, or than a psychic biology of family life—though there is not much in the relations of men and women, brothers and sisters, parents and children, on which Miss Eiker does not throw a painfully revealing light. No part of this finely wrought novel is better than the account of Lucy's relation to Margaret Delprat, who had the opportunities that Lucy was denied and promised to achieve brilliantly the artistic career that Lucy had to abandon. Margaret became, gradually, the projection of Lucy's hopes; Lucy interpreted Margaret's life as she would have lived it; but eventually she had to realize that Margaret herself was living it in her own way, a real person, not the shadow of another woman's unrealized ambition.

Miss Eiker's devotees know that she is never obvious; she has a way of starting you out on something which you think you knew already, but you discover presently that it is not what you expected at all—that material however familiar looks like something else under the illumination of her cool and penetrating mind. You may miss, in this book, a little of the icy brilliance of "Over the Boatside"; but you will find a bitterly truthful analysis of the things we do, and the values we think we create in doing them.

## Cross-Currents

THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH. By MARTHA OSTENSO. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS BROMFIELD

MISS OSTENSO has been writing novels for some five or six years and with each novel, her writing improves and her sense of character grows richer. Unlike most women writers she has a liking and a talent for novels conceived in a large way and done with bold strokes. She is one of the most feminine of women, but if "The Waters under the Earth" had been published anonymously I think it quite likely that most readers would believe that a man had written it. Perhaps the illusion comes of her strong sense of reality and her awareness of the earth itself—both qualities which are hers by virtue of her Scandinavian look and background. The poetry of the Norseman is not born of a library and it is never cursed with a sleek literary self-consciousness. All of Miss Ostenso's books are poetic and their poetry is the poetry of wood choppers and ploughs and printing shops—the poetry of men and women who work with their hands.

Like all of her books "The Waters Under the Earth" is concerned with a family. One has the impression that the author is at times obsessed by all the emotional entanglements which concern an intimate family existence. She seizes with delight upon the feuds and tyrannies and selfishnesses that are so entangled with disarming sentimentalities, intimacies, and affections; and no one writing today has understood more profoundly the painful complications which are the result.

In this latest novel Miss Ostenso has told the long and painful story of Matt Welland's tyrannical domination of his wife and his children. He is a new kind of family tyrant who rules by gentleness rather than by the rod but is not the less obnoxious for all that. When cornered, he obscures himself like the squid in a cloud, not of ink but of Old Testament quotations.

One by one in a disheartening procession we see

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his children defeated and their destinies deformed by a faith and sentimentality which is the refuge of a man defeated by the world. Only one of them, the youngest child escapes the blight, and it is wrong perhaps even to use the word escape since she is never really subject to his spell. She has never belonged to him at all.

On the whole, Miss Ostenso has done her task well. She has created a believable family, less real perhaps in this day and age when American family life appears to be in an advanced stage of disintegration, than it would have been to readers of a generation ago. At times one finds it difficult to believe that any father could so influence the lives of his children. The movies, the automobile, the telephone —a score of purely mechanical influences have wreaked havoc with parental authority on the prairies as well as in the cities. Perhaps a little of the reader's disinclination to believe may be the fault, less of the theme than of the execution, for now and then Miss Ostenso asks us to believe a reaction, a complication, or an influence without showing us the why of it. She is sometimes inclined simply to state the fact rather than to make the fact happen before one's eyes, and that is no light defect in a novelist. Nevertheless "The Waters under the Earth" is an absorbing book. It is among the fine things that have been written during the present decade.

## A Dual Personality

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER. By FRANCIS YEATS-BROWN. New York: Viking Press. 1930. $2.75.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

MAJOR YEATS-BROWN'S book is one of those rare works which do not leave the reader in a hesitating frame of mind. There is no doubt about it whatever. It is one of the best books ever written about the East by anybody Eastern or Western. A new volume can be added to the delightful list which includes Hajji Baba, Hermann Aga, "Arabia Deserta," and "Revolt in the Desert." And in some ways it goes nearer to the root of the matter for none of the others and no book I know that deals with the East, Near or Far, enters so deeply into the soul and spirit of the unknown brother as this brilliant and unpretentious autobiography.

Major Yeats-Brown is a double personality as every reviewer must note and has noted. Part of him is British sportsman, polo-player, pig-sticker, lover of horses and dogs, of dancing and champagne. Part of him is inward-looking and intellectual, curious about all philosophies and practices that exercise the soul, and concerning which we know too little in the West, if indeed we care. The same body that lent itself to the furious rhythms of polo has been submitted to the long discipline of Gathastha Yoga. The same mind (is it the same mind?) that followed and helped to direct the battle of Ctesiphon from the air has viewed stranger phenomena from less obvious points of view.

Much rot is talked about the oriental soul. Major Yeats-Brown talks about the oriental soul, but not as the scribes. He brings before us Hinduism at its best, holy men and their disciples. And there is no trace of the fake mysticism that captivated bewildered devotees in Los Angeles and Fontainebleau. Since he gives us a reality which he knows and loves, he does not have to deal in the prestidigitations of those pundits whom Keyserling has called "religious profiteers." The Bengal Lancer's holy men are holy and real. As such they are much more interesting than inferior Houdinis, who endeavor to produce signs for an adulterous, credulous, and—wealthy—generation.

Beside being full of fascinating matter, the book is delightfully written. It is alive with the subtlest and most delicate suggestion. Vivider pictures of the East have never been made. And there is not a stroke in any of them that has not a hundred meanings. Many-sided himself, the author has mirrored innumerable aspects of both worlds within and without. Quick sympathy, quick intelligence, and masterly art have enabled him to see and to make others see. The fortunate reader will put down the book powerfully aware that India stands for something greater than all we apprehend, and that the Ganges is but the symbol of a more mysterious stream.

## The Forsyte Clan

ON FORSYTE 'CHANGE. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

THERE seems to be no reason why Mr. Galsworthy should not, if he chooses, go on writing about the Forsytes as long as he lives. The family tree at the end of the "Saga" lists some seventy-seven names, and the stories of many of the bearers remain untold. The family includes a wide variety of character types, in four generations. Almost anything which could have happened in England within the past hundred years might furnish material for a chapter in their chronicles. Thousands of readers already know more about the Forsytes than about their own families, and are resolved (as I am) to read all the tales of the clan that Mr. Galsworthy is willing to tell. Thus far each new Forsyte volume, quite apart from the interest it borrows from its predecessors, is alive and vitally interesting in its own right. "On Forsyte 'Change" is different from the others in plan and character, but is fully worthy of a place beside them.

As the author says in his brief apologetic "Foreword," the nineteen tales of the collection "help to fill in and round out" the family history. In time-setting they are scattered over a century, beginning with a reminiscent account of "Superior Dosset," the founder of the line, and ending just before "A Modern Comedy" begins, in 1918. They give us a series of vivid glimpses of the older and middle generations of Forsytes at significant moments in their lives,—of old Jolyon and his brothers and sisters and of their children. This in itself would amply recommend them to readers of the "Saga," who will probably wish to refer now and then to the family tree above mentioned in order to fit each tale into its niche in the legend. But a reader so unlucky as not to have made the acquaintance of the Forsytes need not hesitate to begin with this volume. Mr. Galsworthy, to be sure, thinks the stories would not be understood apart from the "Saga," and this is partly true of three or four of them. But chronologically "On Forsyte 'Change" belongs first; it gives us more of the early history of the family than any of the other volumes, and leaves us with distinct impressions of many characters who play minor parts in the novels.

Entirely apart from their relation to the earlier Forsyte books, however, these tales are well worth knowing. They are not mere chips from a novelist's workshop, or, as Mr. Galsworthy modestly calls them, footnotes to the "Saga." Many of them, such as the one last mentioned ("Timothy's Narrow Squeak"), are capital stories which would be almost equally interesting if they had nothing to do with the Forsytes. "Nicholas-Rex," for example, shows how the hero, long a sultan in his family, at last, through his wife's rebellion, was "in common with other Kings, limited by his Constitution." There are two admirable stories about children, "Revolt at Roger's" and "June's First Lame Duck"; there is a good dog story; there are finely executed character portraits like "Four-in-hand Forsyte" and "The Sorrows of Tweetyman"; there is the delightful "Francie's Fourpenny Foreigner," in which the hard-headed Roger saves his rather wayward daughtor from a marriage that he believes would be disastrous. There are two sympathetic studies of Soames, one showing him as a young man deep in love, the other as an elderly one shaken by the war. "A Forsyte Encounters the People" is a masterly little study in one of Mr. Galsworthy's favorite fields, the impact of class on class. Such a sampling as this may give some idea of the variety of interest in the stories; it cannot suggest the fineness of truth with which the artist has painted his scenes and portraits.

It is interesting to compare Mr. Galsworthy's present attitude toward the Victorian Forsytes with his treatment of them in the earlier part of the "Saga." In 1906, when "The Man of Property" appeared, he was reacting pretty sharply against the Victorian spirit, and his attitude toward its typical representatives was rather acidly satiric. The passage of twenty-four years, and his long imaginative association with the older Forsytes, have led him to a more sympathetic understanding of them. His point of view is still critical, but his criticism is more often implied than expressed, and his spirit is one of impartial good humor. He has come to admire the solid virtues not only of Soames, but of the whole generation. The old Forsytes, he says, "had fits over small matters, but never over large. When stark reality stared them in the face, they met it with the stare of a still starker reality." Mr. Galsworthy has become a sort of ideal and omniscient spectator, tolerant and sympathetic, but detached and amused, of the whole Forsyte spectacle. The presiding genius of this book is Meredith's Comic Spirit,—the spirit which perceives the pretences, the self-deceptions, the unconscious ironies of men's lives, and smiles at them without malice. One cannot help wishing that under the guidance of this spirit the author would retell the story of Irene Heron, who in the "Saga" is never seen objectively, but always through the eyes of men in love with her.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be, One must reread the "Saga!"

## Philippa First and Always

PHILIPPA. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1930. $2.50.

NO one would think of calling this book "The Little English Girl," although the heroine is a little girl and is English. But she is Philippa first, and any other classification must come after. She stamps her personality upon the first few pages of the book; for all her lack of years she makes an adult world shake unpleasantly. Direct when directness best suits her ends, and devious when the longest way round seems the shortest way goalwards, Miss Sedgwick's latest heroine is no study in the simplicity of youth.

In a novel of divorce Philippa presents a new sort of "child problem." She is not at all the obvious little victim; she is an active force, unable to prevent the separation between her father and mother but well able to profit by the arrangement once it is made. She manages actually to be what she always sees herself as,—the center of every situation. Take the incident in the early part of the book where Philippa, riding with her father and the woman he is in love with, rides off alone and loses herself for the effect of the panic her disappearance will cause. That is Philippa. She would not stoop to merely pretend to be lost, she is willing to face her fears in unknown country alone, but she must force herself once more into first place with her father.

The psychological relationship between Philippa and her mother is one of subtle ramification. The two personalities are as different as it is possible to be and yet they have one great bond in common, never confessed. With them both is the recognition that however much it ought to be otherwise, it is not the other but the father, the husband, who is the dearly beloved. Philippa wants, intolerably at times, to love her mother as she does her father, but she has inherited from him a temperament that finds the quiet, constant sweetness and resignation almost as unsatisfying as he does. Philippa does care for her mother and admires many of her qualities but is in plain truth bored by any long contact with her. For the mother, a less complex type, there is only one primary love come what may. And Philippa is the one enticement that can conceivably keep or bring back the object of that love. It is a nice situation for the delicate analysis at which the author excels.

The triangle in this novel consists of father, mother, and daughter angles and later of father, new-wife, and daughter sides. There is no contest between the two wives, they both recognize Philippa's priority. And until almost the end of the book one believes that her father comes equally first with Philippa; that is a dangerous assumption in this case. It is really Philippa for Philippa all the time, and if one feels that as a consequence she must be an unpleasant and repellent sort of creature it is only necessary to read the novel to be surprised. Miss Sedgwich has not found it necessary to have recourse to that painful device of saying that her heroine is charming; she has made her so.

But once more Miss Sedgwick had imposed an arbitrary pattern on life for the purposes of a novel and has mercilessly constricted her character to its rigid outlines. It is the merit of her craftmanship rather than of her judgment that they manage, in spite of this, to seem flexible and lifelike as they pursue their all too destined ways. Miss Sedgwick writes of life in suspension in preference to life in flux. For her admirers her method will seem merely selective, surely the artist's prerogative, for others it will remain annnoyingly artificed. Miss Sedgwick cuts and fits much better than nature usually does and so her worlds appear as constructions rather than creations, very deft and beautiful constructions.

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## *The* BOWLING GREEN

# John Mistletoe, XV.

IN this Halloween weather the eye goes deeper and deeper into the woods. Veil after veil is lifted away, like those successive scrims in the transformation scene at the end of *The Black Crook*. Vision goes farther, clearer in; color changes daily; form distinguishes; more and more sky sifts through. The year has reached its Age of Reason; the dimpled infant of last January's magazine covers now begins to show the wrinkles of Voltaire. The coal dealer, or a broken boiler in the cellar, feelingly persuades us what we are.

About 8.25 of such mornings, once a week, an amateur instructor both happy and frightened, and very likely having missed his breakfast coffee by oversleep, takes anxious cover in the washroom of a certain college lecture-hall. The window of that Ajax commands the approach of students coming at 8.30 from morning "collection" in another building. The old bell repeats its familiar soft note: a specially Quakerish tone which says *thee* rather than *you;* even when rung to celebrate a football victory that pacific old bronze cannot sound strident. Foreboding from the lavatory window the instructor sees his pupils coming. They look agreeably carefree. A group of some sixty sophomores to be lectured on Shakespeare. Happy task, yet offering many a doubtful pang. He remembers that that building, now dedicated to the literæ humaniores, was for many years the engineering shop, and still shows a queer sort of ventilating chimney, intended to carry away fumes and exhaust vapors. May it still so operate, he hopes privately. For a too sincere desire to transmit the fire and folly of that Elizabethan age very likely combusts sometimes into gaseous jocularity.

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But Shakespeare at 8.30 A. M. . . . In the lucid brightness of an autumn morning (and perhaps without even a cup of coffee to infuse the vitals) to face the level rationality of youth with his uncertain surmisings on such enormous topic . . . to the cool Voltairean stomach of early day, Fancy's child might well seem the barbarian debauched with frenzy . . . even Lamb, luxurious connoisseur, demanded for his Shakespeare thoughts an evening candlelight and the world shut out.

Stand and deliver, however. Sometimes in penultimate attempt to order his thought he uses those few crisp minutes to look on some favorite local talismans. There is the sunken garden just beyond the library, where the ribbed iron bench hides beneath the yew tree just as it did twenty years ago. There is the old milestone—8 Miles to P, it says, meaning to Philadelphia—against the side of Chase Hall, to remind one that when the college was founded it lay along the most famous highway in America, the Lancaster Pike—which romantics remember as the Conestoga Road. (It is a pity to know so little of one's native State. Why is not Conestoga as well worth pilgrimage as Stratford?) I suppose that milestone must have been lifted from the nearby turnpike in some student frolic of many years ago; it has been where it is now for as long as anyone has memory. How many of the blue Conestoga wagons must have rolled past it in pre-railroad days. It is pleasant to remember that symbol of pilgrims and pioneers leaning against the classroom wall where Gummere gave us our first echo of the pilgrimage to Canterbury. That same stone, I think, is alluded to in the college's first land titles dated 1830. Kipling has suggested in the Stalky saga (so oddly mixed of brutality and sentiment) how quickly tradition grows up in a school or college. Is there any alumnus whose heart has not been moved by the story "A Little Prep" which describes the return of the Old Boys. Perhaps also there are a few teachers of "English" who have been twinged by that later Stalky item "The Propagation of Knowledge," in the volume *Debits and Credits*. It should be made required study for entrance into the Modern Language Association.

Another stonework near for pious thought is the old arch, all that remains of the ancient greenhouse and grape arbor, destroyed by fire in 1855. The rumor was that some of the students had been busy with forbidden cards and tobacco in that fragrant humid retreat; but it might also have been spontaneous ignition due to the appearance of the most inflammatory book ever written by an attender at Quaker meeting—*Leaves of Grass*. Once a mulberry tree grew by the old arch, but it has vanished. Perhaps it was that tree which begat the mulberry cordial a long-ago matron of the college used to prepare to hearten the boys for Midyear Examinations. Mistletoe was sorry to see that tree disappear, for a mulberry is always a link with Shakespeare. There has even been a rumor that when the next addition is made to the Library the old greenhouse arch might be demolished. Indeed I hope not. It is one of our pleasantest relics of simplicity, and like the Conestoga Road it faces toward the West and the sunset. A pensive stroller might even let it remind him of *Ulysses*—

> All experience is an arch wherethrough
> Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades
> Forever and forever.

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Surrounded by trees and stones so thick with memory, the unskilled amateur may well feel John-a-dreams, unpregnant of his cause. But a glimpse of these fragments of humble association confirms him in his instinct. It is not so much a question of "teaching Shakespeare" as of trying to guess the temperament that lies behind such colossal creative gust. A relish for it cannot be prematurely enforced. The slow grief and laughter of life must savor it to our need. We can only use Shakespeare as a symbol of a certain kind of spirit, of the artist's infuriated gaze at life. It is not Shakespeare himself who is important now, but ourselves. What can he do to make us more aware? We are not here to second the significances of others but to discover significances of our own, in the nearest and dearest things. We need a grammar of Feeling. We have to try to keep alive the dying Shakespeare that struggles in every heart, and soon perishes in most. To help that impish Ariel to live his full span is the job. It has not necessarily anything to do with literature. No one was ever less "literary." He tried to write a conventional polite sonnet-sequence and see how his own anguish burst it open; so much so that a man can hardly leap through any of the emotional hoops of life without finding Shakespeare's words usurping his own thought. If he were alive today he would find in Manhattan or in Hollywood material as exquisitely bitter and fantastic as on Prospero's enchanted island.

No one less gorgeously imperfect than he would serve as symbol of our wayward hearts. Like religion or any fever, he drives men mad; he comes too close to home. He cannot be studied, he must be lived. You meet the very men and women he knew. People invent codes to explain him when everything he says is merest plain sense, familiar to any man of blood. He grows with us and in us by mutual relativity. Twenty years ago I ticked off the 20 sonnets of his that spoke plainest to my then condition. My present choice of 20—if I had to choose—only includes 9 of that earlier selection. By what gay or sullen seizures I have made that shift is no one's concern but mine. But what may have sounded like balderdash at 20 may be the very tissue of truth when 40 winters besiege the brow. That famous and terrible outcry (Number 129) which some have called the greatest sonnet ever written means utterly nothing unless it has been lived. The well-loved Dr. Schelling used to make a point of quoting Heming and Condell's preface to the Folio—"If you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

There is some paradox lurking; it darts in and out like a lizard in a hot stone-pile, I see just the flicker of its tail. At the very outset of our education, when we are being drilled in all sorts of well-proven doctrine and well-behaviored manners, we are given this loveliest and rowdiest, tenderest and obscenest, carnallest and most spiritual of poets and bidden to make of him what we can. There seems to be a queer kind of tacit bargain too that we are not to take unfair advantage of the gift by really using it. Our magistrates would be prompt to say we were wasting our time on *Flaming Youth* and *Bad Girl*, yet to our amazement we find *Venus and Adonis* Recommended Reading. Is then Shakespeare the chink in Authority's armor? Are they gently suggesting to us that even Philosophy 4 does not answer all questions, that Mirth and Beauty and Despair have their maddening claims, that even to chief magistrates life is often perplexing and points arise not covered in the rules? Perhaps encouraging us to read anything so dangerous as Shakespeare is Authority's oblique way of hinting at truths it would be unseemly to admit.

For Authority (whose job is not easy) knows it is very unlikely that many people will read Shakespeare carefully. Moreover the people who support "literature" have mostly been bred and tamed by years of prudent comfortable living to put out of their minds the wild, savage, laughing and despairing world of a mind like his. Authority is always cautious. Consider the case of two Presidents of the United States who have been afraid to speak a dedication at the tomb of a former President because that tragic fellow had been shown warmly and regrettably human. What a speech Jesus or Abraham Lincoln would have made if invited to Marion, Ohio. America is a comic country. The only books that sold largely in the depressed traffic of 1930 were one on how to build a backhouse and one on the sorrows of President Harding. Readers of *The Specialist* would have been surprised to learn that Sir John Harington had written much the same thing in 1596 (*The Metamorphosis of Ajax, With a Plaine Plot of a Privie in Perfection*). The book trade was much alarmed lately at the new idea of books being sold in drugstores; but Ben Johnson suggested that merchandising idea in his epigram *To My Bookseller*. The study of Elizabethan literature will always be one agreeable way of keeping ahead of the times. And the most appealing argument a Shakespeare attorney can advance to his jury is that in earlier days Authority tried to keep him out of the hands of the young. There's a passage in a book of 1641 (Jo. Johnson, *The Academy of Love*) deploring the fact that unless their grandmothers intervened "young sparkish Girlies would read in Shakespeere day and night."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Windows were bright in the mild autumn dusk when he came back to that good place. Dry leaves, rattling underfoot, were drifted in heaps about the darkening lawn, discarded notes of Summer's long lecture course. Men were singing in the dining hall. To hear their enormous high spirits made him feel, for the first time, almost grown up. It is a queer sensation.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

---

# The Penguin

WHY must I always mold my clay
Into a penguin?
That clerical, queer, alien bird
Who stands upright, expectant,
Along the edges of flat shorelines gray
Raising his enquiring beak, in gravity,
Toward distant dim horizon lines
Which his eyes never see.

Always as I mold that comic shirtfront
I feel fellow pride in his ridiculous dignity,
The stubborn whimsical push of that hard beak
Raised—stoically—in apprehension
Toward the unknown sea,
The Something it may bring.

I even feel the flippant quirk
Of that ironic tail—
No seemly tail for such a cleric's front—
The flattened head so full of concrete thought,
The sudden twists of curiosity he makes,
Engrossed in petty personalities, no doubt.

But most of all I sense
That feel for flight along his outer fold of wing,
And the dead weight—alas!—of its blunt impotent
end.
That end—no good at all except for padding
In noisy strokes on errands to and fro
Along the ice-cracks.

Yet there *was* a lift of wing,
I felt it all along the shoulder's swell.

God knows, I should mold penguins very well!

ELIZABETH CRUMBY.

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# Experience and Dogma

By Irving Babbitt

THERE is a saying of Socrates that the beginning of true culture is the scrutiny of general terms. This Socratic dictum kept recurring to me as I read in a recent issue of the *Saturday Review* Mr. Walter Lippmann's article, "Humanism as Dogma." He there establishes a contrast between a humanism that is broadly based on experience—presumably the type he has set forth in his "Preface to Morals"—and a humanism that he takes to be my own and that has at its foundation "a crude metaphysical dualism," a humanism that is narrow, sectarian, obscurantist—and various other unpleasant things. The term that cries aloud for Socratic treatment in this contrast is plainly experience. As it happens, my own ambition is also to start from experience, in short, to be a positive and critical humanist. I should add that in this matter of method I am speaking for myself alone and not for the other contributors to "Humanism and America," who reveal, along with certain underlying agreements, important divergencies, especially at this point. Mr. Lippmann has been gravely unjust to these other contributors in conveying the impression that they are simply echoing my views. In general, the attempt that is so apparent in his article as well as in other articles that have been appearing of late to account for what is potentially an important cultural movement in terms of the faults and limitations of one man is to be deprecated.

Mr. Lippmann says rightly that in my defense of humanism I give great prominence to the Emersonian opposition between a "law for man" and a "law for thing." It is not, however, true, as he goes on to say, that I make the "very simple but wholly fallacious assumption that the 'law for thing' is necessarily mechanical, quantitative, and deterministic." What I actually say is that "an effective procedure is to meet the mechanist on his own ground and point out to him that he is unduly dogmatic if he holds that his hypothesis is absolutely valid, even for the natural order, and that, if he goes farther and seeks to make it cover the whole of experience, to impose a deterministic nightmare on the human spirit itself, he is abandoning the experimental attitude for an even more objectionable form of dogmatism."

In my defense of the more specifically human aspects of experience (the "law for man") against this dogmatic naturalism, it has been my constant endeavor, as I have said, to avoid dogma. Mr. Lippmann has painted an impressive picture in the early part of his "Preface to Morals" of the spiritual chaos into which the modern man has fallen as the result of the loss of an essential belief—the belief, namely, that "there is an immortal essence presiding like a king over his appetites." But why, I ask, abandon the affirmation of such an essence or higher will to the mere traditionalist? "Why not affirm it first of all as a psychological fact, one of the immediate data of consciousness, a perception so primordial that, compared with it, the deterministic denials of man's moral freedom are only a metaphysical dream?"

❧ ❧

On reading further in Mr. Lippmann's article I learn with surprise that he admits that I put at the basis of my belief, not a crude metaphysical dogma, but the very psychological fact thus described. My surprise changes to sheer amazement when Mr. Lippmann goes on to say that I am here at one with Freud and the psycho-analysts. "Psycho-analytic investigation," says Mr. Lippmann, "is primarily concerned with the interaction of instinctive desire and what Mr. Babbitt calls the power of vital control. The phenomenon which Freud calls the 'censor,' is obviously the same psychological fact which Mr. Babbitt affirms as the basis of his philosophy." Nothing, I should have supposed, is more certain about Freud and other leading psycho-analysts than their denial of dualism, their elimination in favor of a strict mental determinism of the specifically human capacity that I have termed, in opposition to Bergson's *élan vital*, a *frein vital*, or power of vital control. If one turns, for example, to the "Outline of Psycho-analysis," edited by J. S. Van Teslaar (Modern Library), one will find this strict mental determinism affirmed by Freud himself (p. 67), not to speak of similar declarations by other prominent psycho-analysts scattered throughout the volume. At all events, it can scarcely be maintained that Mr. Lippmann is dualistic in the use he has made of psycho-analysis in "A Preface to Morals." In the constructive programme he has there outlined he is monistic after a fashion that reminds one at times of Spinoza and at times of the Stoics.

I have just been reading with interest a book by an English critic, Hugh I' Fausset, entitled "The Proving of Psyche." This book is largely devoted to a refutation of my own position. I have at least the consolation of being damned in good company. Plato, Aristotle, and St. Paul, along with the whole body of orthodox and "official" Christians, are rejected by Mr. Fausset on the ground that they are all afflicted with what he terms the "disease of dualism." Jesus himself, he would have us believe, was not a dualist but an æsthetic monist in the style of Mr. J. Middleton Murry. Mr. Fausset, Mr. Murry, and the other "Christ perverts," as they have been harshly called, have at least the merit of seeing how much is involved in the debate between dualist and monist. In their case the issue raised is that of romantic primitivism, in the case of Mr. Lippmann the main issue is rather that of the limitations of science. Mr. Lippmann would have it that the humanists are obscurantist in their attitude towards science, but he is plainly confusing the issue. The humanist has no quarrel with science as such, but only with a science that has overstepped its due bounds, a science that, because man is largely subject in both mind and body to its methods, assumes that he is entirely subject to them. "The will to explore the last crannies of experience," says Mr. Lippmann, "is in the very marrow of the modern." Perfectly true; and no sensible person will object to this thorough exploration of experience. One may, however, properly object that, under the obsession of a dogmatic naturalism, the exploration of experience has come to mean the exploration of only one type of experience. For the undue narrowing of the term experience, not true science but pseudo-science must be held largely responsible. If the humanist has erred, and like other mortals he is very liable to error, it is in drawing the line between science and pseudo-science at the wrong place. The task of drawing this line is, it must be confessed, one of extreme delicacy and difficulty; and it is made all the more delicate and difficult by the fact that the genuine man of science often has his pseudo-scientific side. What are we, for example, to think of Eddington and his book, "The Nature of the Physical World"? Edward M. East, Professor of Genetics at Harvard, writes of this book that "it had a great sale because Eddington ceases to be a scientist at a certain point in his labors. The last few chapters of the volume are pure mysticism, and it is upon these chapters that the reviewers comment with wild enthusiasm." Professor East, himself, if I understand his position aright, is a mechanist and in this respect might seeem to Eddington pseudo-scientific. It is possible indeed that one may be pseudo-scientific in two ways,—either by being unduly mechanistic or else by the avenue of escape one proposes from mechanism.

When one passes from biology and physics to psychology and sociology, as these subjects are now conceived, the proportion of pseudo-science to genuine science increases even to the point at times of eliminating genuine science completely. As an extreme example of the ravages of pseudo-science I take one of the latest pronouncements of Freud, "The Future of an Illusion." We there learn that religion is purely illusory, that it is "comparable to a childhood neurosis," whereas science is not only truth but the *only* source of truth. An attitude so extreme as this is likely to provoke a reaction. Much that is pseudo-scientific has been benefiting by the prestige of genuine science. In case of such a reaction the process may be reversed. Genuine science will suffer discredit along with pseudo-science. There will then be a danger of real obscurantism. If such an obscurantist peril should ever arise, the humanist worthy of the name will be found fighting alongside the genuine scientist in defense of the right of free inquiry.

❧ ❧

Perhaps the most influential of living American thinkers of naturalistic slant is Professor John Dewey. One may illustrate from him even more clearly than from Mr. Lippmann the narrowness that results from restricting the term experience to one type of experience. Mr. Lippmann has so interlarded the text of his "Preface to Morals" with allusions to the great teachers of the past that the reader, at least the unwary reader, has the illusion of gliding almost without a break from the wisdom of the ages to the wisdom of the laboratory. The reader of Professor Dewey has no such illusion. In his philosophical credo recently published in the *Forum* he not only uses by actual count the word experience forty-nine times, but he makes clear what he means by experience. All those who are striving to achieve a modern outlook on life should be able to concur in his programme up to a certain point. Any synthesis we achieve, he says in substance, should grow directly out of experience and should fulfil itself promptly in action. What is needed, in short, is an experimental philosophy of will. One may grant as much and yet diverge radically from Professor Dewey because of disagreement with his philosophy of will. In general, the debate between the humanist and the naturalist converges upon the problem of the will. One should not allow one's attention to be diverted from this supreme and central issue by the innumerable red herrings that have been and are being drawn across the trail.

In his treatment of the will, Professor Dewey has in my judgment affirmed something that is not a matter of experience, and at the same time overlooked two other things that are, in the broader sense of the term, experimental. He prides himself on not being a sentimentalist. Yet he is in the authentic sentimental tradition that goes back at least to the third Earl of Shaftesbury when he affirms of the child that it "is born with a *natural* desire to give out, to do, to *serve*." Let any one who has growing children observe them closely and decide for himself whether they exude this spontaneous eagerness to serve. There *is* a will in the child that is much easier to detect than the will to service. Let us listen on this point to John Locke, a utilitarian like Professor Dewey, but in this particular matter, at least, a far more perspicacious one. "What children love most," says Locke, "is dominion, and this is the first origin of most vicious habits that are ordinary and natural. This love of power and dominion shows itself very early. We see children (as soon almost as they are born, I am sure before they can speak) cry, grow peevish, sullen and out of humor for nothing but to have their wills."

❧ ❧

I may remark that we have here the dividing line between all types of humanitarians and those who hold other philosophies of life. The humanitarian assumes that the altruistic elements in man may, in some fashion or other, triumph over his egoistic impulses without the inner transformation that both religion and humanism require; that is, without the intervention of any principle that moves in an opposite direction from his unmodified temperamental self. In the language of religion, the humanitarian hopes to achieve salvation without conversion. In still other terms, he hopes to find mechanical or emotional substitutes for self-control. The humanist, on the other hand, asserts that man cannot afford to remain merely temperamental, that he needs, with a primary view to his own happiness, to discipline his outgoing desires to the law of measure. This humanistic discipline can be secured only by the exercise of a special quality of will according to sound standards; and in an untraditional age like the present these standards themselves, I have sought to show elsewhere, can be secured only by a right coöperation of reason and imagination. I have already said that the controlling will may be affirmed as a matter of experience. Here, and not in Professor Dewey's will to service, is the true counterpoise to the lusts of the natural man. Anyone who doubts the triumph of a merely temperamental and spontaneous will to service over egoism, and does not go beyond this point, will fall into what we call nowadays the hard-boiled attitude. This attitude from Machiavelli down to Nietzsche and H. L. Mencken is finally unsatisfactory. I may add that the Machiavellian attitude is well-night universal in Europe at the present time, whereas it is the dangerous privilege of America to remain the stronghold of humanitarian idealism.

In direct measure as a man advances along the pathway of humanistic control he has experience of a different quality from the purely naturalistic type. If he exercises this control intelligently he will need to supplement his own infinitesimal fragment of experience with the experience of other men both in the present and in the near and the remote past. Professor Dewey plainly denies experience of either the humanistic or the religious type, experience that differs, not merely in degree but in kind, from that of which physical science takes cognizance. "The method we term scientific," he says in his *Forum* article, "forms for the modern man the sole dependable means of disclosing the realities of existence. It is the sole authentic mode of revelation." Anything that professes to transcend the phenomenal order, the religion of flux and relativity with which science deals, is not, according to Professor Dewey, real experience; it is the product of an "escape" psychology. Let us seek to apply this criterion concretely. It would follow from it that the religious experience Dante has sought to convey in the Divine Comedy, inasmuch as it is not the kind that can be tested in a laboratory, is mere moonshine. The similar experience symbolized in a great cathedral must also be dismissed as moonshine. In fact, most of the great art and literature of the past, East and West, being primarily concerned, as this art and literature have been, with either humanistic or religious experience, must be dismissed as moonshine. One would be justified indeed, on a strict interpretation of Professor Dewey's idea of experience, in making a clean sweep of a major portion of what has passed hitherto for culture and civilization. It is not surprising that he is held in high esteem in Soviet Russia. The upshot of his teaching from either a humanistic or a religious point of view is not an enrichment but an appalling impoverishment of experience.

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My own position, as I have already suggested, is that one may experience life on three levels—the naturalistic, the humanistic, and the religious, and that each form of experience is real in its own place and degree. These different forms of experience have left their imprint not only on the art and literature of the past, but on the very forms of language. There is a fascinating subject known as semantics, the study of important cultural changes as reflected in the shifting meanings of words. One will, in my opinion, get interesting results by combining semantic study with the Socratic art of inductive defining. I am going to illustrate my meaning by dealing semantically and Socratically with a crucial word, a word of almost inexhaustible richness of meaning — the word "life" itself. In some sense or other of the word we all desire and rightly desire to be vital. But in what sense are we to be vital —the religious, the humanistic, or the naturalistic?

We can follow historically the shifting meanings of the word "life" according as it refers to one or the other of the three main planes of human experience. For life in the religious sense we cannot do better than turn to the New Testament. "I am come," says Christ, "that ye shall have life and that ye shall have it more abundantly." "That shows," says Mr. Llewellyn Jones in his new volume, "How to Read Books," "that Christ did not want any inner check." But it is plain that Christ's saying about abundant life needs to be interpreted in the light of his other saying that a man must lose his life to find it; in short, one must sacrifice the lower quality of life in order to achieve the higher quality: a process that will be found to involve the exercise of an inner check on the inferior desires. To suppose that one may indulge the lusts of the flesh and at the same time secure the quality of life that Christ had in mind is to yield to what is probably the oldest and is still the most universal of all forms of self-deception—the desire, namely, to have one's cake and eat it, too.

Life in the humanistic sense means to live moderately, sensibly, and to the best advantage in the society of other men. It is not enough, says Boileau, to have book-learning —*il faut savoir encore et converser et vivre.* This humanistic meaning of the word has survived in the phrase *savoir vivre.* Along with a good deal of formalism the older type of gentleman achieved at times an exquisite urbanity. It is not certain that our morals are an improvement on those of a Chesterfield. It is certain that, even as compared with a Chesterfield, we have lost a good deal in the art of living.

The naturalistic use of the word "life" is twofold: emotional and utilitarian. Rousseau relates how he shed tears of self-pity at the Hermitage at the thought that he was going to die without having lived. As is plain from the context, this means that he was going to die without realizing the maximum of emotional intensity of which he was capable. Some years ago the decadent poet Paul Verlaine gave a lecture at Oxford. As the story came to me, he appeared on the platform with a patch over one eye, one of his arms in a sling, and a game knee, and began by declaring that a man could not hope to be a poet unless he had *lived.* The results of his own living Verlaine consigned in volumes with such titles as "My Prisons," and "My Hospitals." This, no doubt, is also experience or life and

(*Continued on page* 299)

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# Round about Parnassus

By William Rose Benét

THE most interesting book before us this week is Padraic Colum's "Old Pastures." His prefatory note informs us "that many of the pieces in it have originals in other languages." These originals exist in Irish traditional song, in Scottish Gaelic, Irish medieval poems, and Latin epigram. There are also poems derived from a study of the Kanaka-Maori people. Mr. Colum, as many know, went to the Hawaiian Islands some years ago to assemble their native legends. He became deeply interested in their folklore. To our mind he is one of the few modern poets who could have rendered it in an English that preserves all its exotic feeling together with its peculiar devotionalism. For Colum understands the ancient gods. Their names may differ, their service is the same with all primitive peoples. They are manifestations of nature, personifications born of wonder at an elder earth, at an earth still ancient as it is ever new.

We have heard Mr. Colum read his Condors, his poem called "Blades," and his poem called "Scanderbeg." His intonation and accent impart much to these poems in the reading that must necessarily be lost in cold print. We feel that he is one of the poets now among us whose voice by our new and remarkable mechanical means should be preserved for the future in its reading of poetry. Else overtones and undertones will be lost that definitely contribute to our understanding of the Irish genius. One would think that such matters must be of prime importance to the orthophonic recording of our day. Poetry is written not only for the eye. Our understanding of the art and its exemplars would be increased by an intelligent utilization of modern devices for recalling the idiosyncratic speech of the writer of memorable lines. The future will be able to recapture the actual voices of our platform singers. But there is also so much barbarous rhetoric of the day that has already acquired a certain permanence on waxen disks while the voices of most meaning fade from us. It seems a very ignorant oversight.

Quite aside from that consideration Colum takes his place as one of the four outstanding Irish poets of our day. First stands William Butler Yeats, who is, indeed, a world genius. A lesser genius is James Stephens, his best of inimitable flavor, his work as a whole erratic but often of intense brilliance. We ourselves should rank Padraic Colum the third, even above "Æ," for poetry, though that versatile artist and philosopher will remain one of the geniuses of modern Ireland. To us Colum's poetry, by itself, is of more sinew and originality than "Æ"'s, save in the exceptional instance. And he is also a man of profound learning. He makes a highly intelligent use of the Irish tradition in verse, he has moreover quietly experimented in freer modes in no superficial spirit but always with the desire for more direct and exact utterance, so quietly indeed that the range of his versification is hardly realized. For what chiefly impresses is that he always has "something to say," something that wells out of true meditation, for no ulterior motive. And he always has his own way of saying it, as one whose speech and gesture, remarkable in a crowd, draws our attention perforce. He need not raise his voice to achieve compelling statement:

*A quiet road! You would get to know*
*The briers and stones along by the way;*
*A dozen times you'd see last year's nest;*
*A peacock's cry, a pigeon astray*
*Would be marks enough to set on a day:*

They are marks enough for him, and marks enough, somehow, to engage our attention. That is, for the most part. In his "Blades" the Sojourner, with his wheel, achieves the mystery of the Pied Piper. In "Scanderbeg" the "old, unhappy, far off things and battles long ago" flow irresistably over us as a pert girl swings her silk-stockinged legs on a wall and will not endanger them through the nettles to go look at the ancient inscription upon the tomb. John Butler Yeats and Arthur Griffith live again in his threnodies, the German transoceanic fliers are simply but surely related to the heroisms of the past; and, when he turns to Hawaii, truly "like an isle of seabirds rising up, the dancers move." What picture could be more vivid or indigenous than this:

*Glossy is your skin and undrenched; the*
*wave-feathers fan*
*the triumphing surf-rider; with the speed*
*of the white*
*tropic-bird you come to us.*

*We have seen the surf at Puna; we have*
*seen a triumphing*
*surf-rider: Na-i-he is his name.*

When we come to examine the other books before us, a number of which are collections, we come, for the most part, to lesser things, though Thomas Moult's perennial anthologies usually contain something of note and Friedrich Rosen's new work on Omar Khayyam is of comparative interest. To take the latter first, the oldest existing manuscript of the Persian poet's verses is one of thirteen quatrains. This and another, which also has never been used in an English collection, containing three hundred and twenty-nine quatrains, have been used for the translation before us. A later book acquired by the State Library of Berlin, the "Nouruz-Nameh," has since come to light. Dr. Rosen gives the first account of it here. His small volume is called "The Quatrains of Omar Khayyam" and is published over here by Dutton. Omar's reform of the calendar is discussed in it and the "Nouruz-Nameh," the Book of New Year's Day, excerpted from in this connection. There follows a translation of the thirteen quatrains and then of the larger number, with notes appended. Naturally these translations are not rhymed. And they are literal. FitzGerald, as we know, though an orientalist was also a poet whose free handling of the original was positive inspiration. Of this we are ever and again reminded by such passages as:

*They tell me Paradise with its houris is*
*delightful,*
*I say the juice of the grape is delightful.*
*Grasp this ready money and let that credit*
*go,*
*For to hear the sound of the drum from*
*afar is delightful.*

or

*The Sun has thrown the noose of dawn*
*upon the roof,*
*The Emperor Day has poured wine into*
*his goblet.*
*Drink, for the early-rising crier*
*Has thrown his chant "ishrabu!" (drink!)*
*into the world.*

The true origin of many of the quatrains attributed to the actual Omar is doubtful and will probably remain so for a long time to come. FitzGerald steeped himself in all the sources available at his time; the astounding thing is that he achieved a poetic masterpiece, a recreation whether of Omar or of several Persian poets that fused itself into one of the great poems in English.

Every year Thomas Moult selects what he conceives to be the best poems appearing in English and American magazines of that year. His "The Best Poems of 1930" (Harcourt) with decorations by Elizabeth Montgomery, is, as usual, an attractive small volume, dedicated this time to the memory of Robert Bridges, Edward Carpenter, D. H. Lawrence, and John Freeman. There are many notable names included, and yet somehow as one runs through the contributions, there seems to be an astonishing lack of salience to them. There is the wording of a poem by Evelyn Scott and the epigrammatic compactness of one by an unknown, G. M. Hort, that strike the eye and ear, but though Roy Campbell, Van Doren, Bynner, MacLeish, Chesterton, Wilfrid Gibson, Davies, de la Mare, Wolfe, Sir William Watson, Coppard, Aiken, Æ, Sturge Moore, Samuel Hoffenstein, Lizette Reese, Aldington, Wheelock, and Edmund Blunden are among the many marshalled before us, and though the writing is usually dignified and the subjects of interest, we remain perfectly cold to the various statements.

We feel even blanker when we turn to Sherman Ripley's editing of an anthology called "Beyond," (Appleton) thought the idea struck us originally, when consulted, as an interesting one, upon being shown some of the material. Its subtitle is "An Anthology of Immortality" and here are gathered together many intimations of poets of all ages concerning the future life A number of good poems are included. But we've read almost all of them before and we just simply can't bring ourselves to care.

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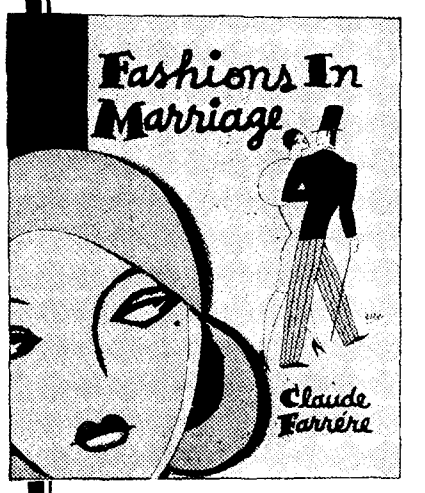


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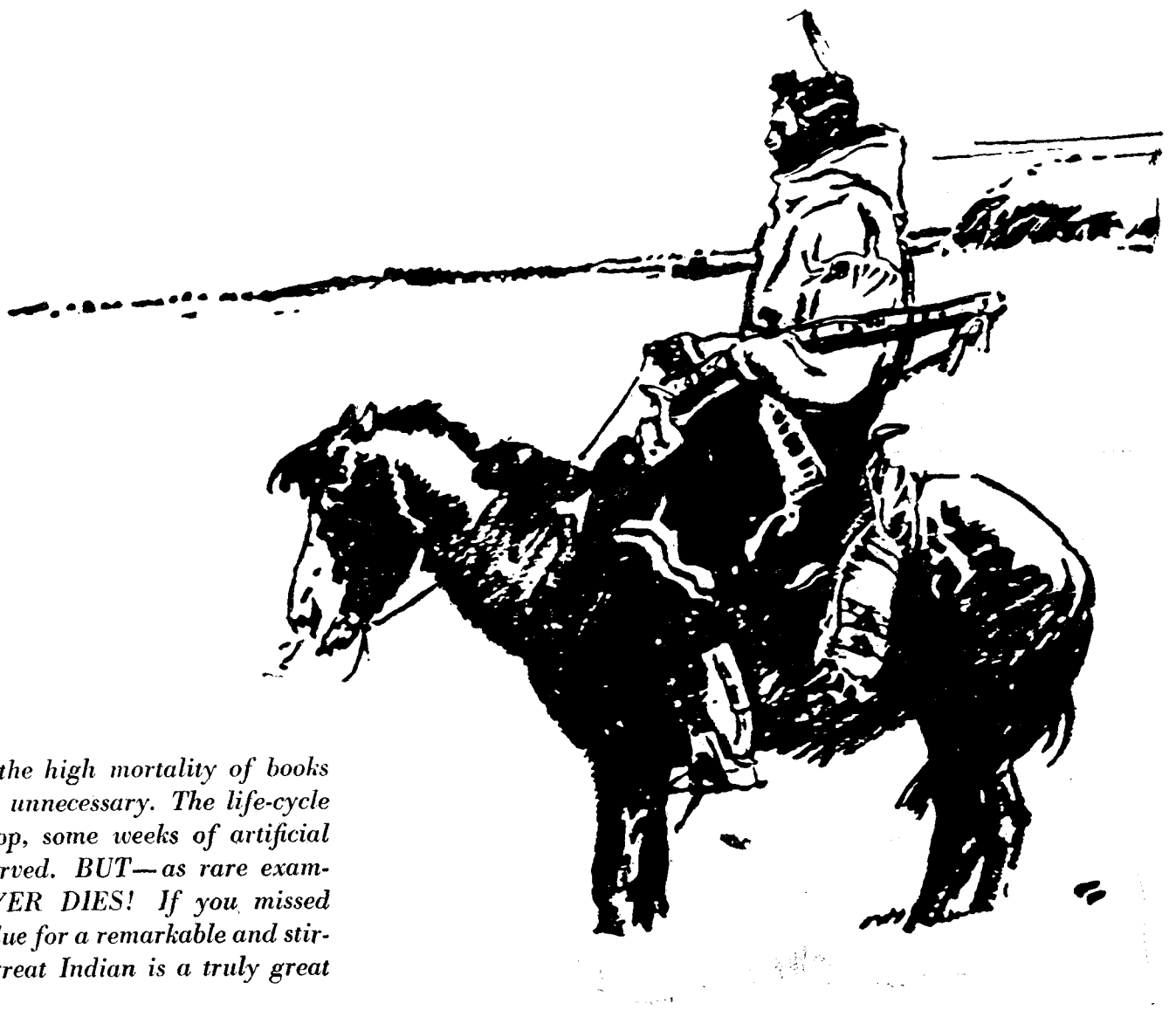

*IN this magazine any reminder of the high mortality of books (and this is true of "Best Sellers") is unnecessary. The life-cycle is only too clear: a publication whoop, some weeks of artificial respiration, and another R. I. P. is carved. BUT—as rare examples prove—A GREAT BOOK NEVER DIES! If you missed AMERICAN early in the year you are due for a remarkable and stirring experience, for the story of this great Indian is a truly great piece of American Literature.*

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◆

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◆

"THE fact that we can't praise AMERICAN as brilliantly as it deserves isn't going to affect its destiny. It's a whale of a yarn . . . our nomination for The Book of the Year."

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◆

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*Author of AMERICAN*

"A REAL picture of a real type of the vanishing Red American. A good book to read, because it is graphic, moving, alive; a good book to keep because it is history." *Irvin S. Cobb*

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◆

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◆

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◆

"I DID not put it down until I had finished the last page. I cannot remember when a book has made such an impression upon me. The simplicity and the sincerity of style carries the conviction that Plenty-coup's sentence, 'you have felt my heart and I have felt yours' is fully deserved." *Dr. Ernest Horn*

# AMERICAN

## *The Life Story of a Great Indian*

## By FRANK B. LINDERMAN

*Illustrated by H. M. Stoops*

$3.50 THE JOHN DAY COMPANY NEW YORK

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# Points of View

## Again Mr. Huxley

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

The essay on "Vulgarity in Literature," which appeared in *The Saturday Review* for September 27, can hardly go unanswered. Nevertheless, I hesitate to make a direct reply myself, for several reasons: I am not eager to be drawn into defending a poet who needs no defense; I frankly shrink from controversy with a critic so effective in the use of ridicule and so little concerned with sticking to the point; and finally I find myself all too ready to shake hands with the man who can parody Poe as well as Mr. Huxley does in this essay. How can I cross swords with a man who disarms me by speaking of "dactylic permanent waves," and who sends me into gales of laughter by saying that a poem is "as vulgar as a Royal Academy Sunrise on Ben Nevis (with Highland Cattle)"? In this quandary I wonder whether Mr. Huxley would not turn his facile pen to exposing the fact that most of the critical diamonds in his own essay are of paste. Will he not, using those six columns on "Vulgarity in Literature" as a target, favor us with a second essay to be entitled "Vulgarity in Criticism"? I make the following suggestions:

1. Before quoting a stanza from Poe and poking fun at its "wallopping dactyls," the critic should brush up enough on the terms dactyl, anapest, etc. to be sure which is which. But Mr. Huxley has not done this, for the passage he quotes is not dactylic. (Indeed, the critic will be hard put to it to find a dactylic passage in Poe unless he stumbles on the brief sample which Poe wrote for illustration of a disputed point in "The Rationale of Verse.")

2. When a critic uses adversely terms that are commonly used in approbation, for instance, "too musical" and "too poetical," he must take special pains to make himself clear. But Mr. Huxley leaves the reader in doubt as to whether he means too ornate, or too regular, or both of these, or something quite different which he keeps secret. In this connection Mr. Huxley also seems, at least in my judgment, to miss entirely the correct answers to the one interesting question he raises—in brief, Why do all the great French critics admire poems by Poe which Mr. Huxley finds "vulgar" in being "too musical" and "too poetical"? The answer to this provocative question should be, I believe: (a) Because the Frenchmen do not sense the effort, the inartistic strain, of achieving two-syllable rimes by rummaging the dictionary for such pedantic words as "senescent" and "liquescent"; (b) because Mr. Huxley does not happen to react favorably to the reiterative devices which Poe, in common with Coleridge and the early ballad-makers, uses freely; and (c) because Poe preferred to use an elaborate stanza form regularly adhered to, while Mr. Huxley, among others, prefers a simple one frequently varied. I do not attempt to say whether either of these tastes betrays any taint of "vulgarity."

3. When a critic passes judgment on the exactness of rimes, we expect him either to assume that every rime should be exact, or, if he has some theory of his own, to tell us explicitly what it is. But Mr. Huxley does neither of these things. In objecting to some of Poe's rimes in proper names on the ground that they are not accurate enough, and to others on the ground that the words rime "actually, in the particular context, much too well," he implies the existence of some secret, perhaps patent, formula. What is this formula?

4. One notes with interest that Mr. Huxley has made a discovery; namely, that Dickens was a vulgar sentimentalist, especially in his treatment of Little Nell. (He does not use the word "sentimentalist," though he might have saved nearly a column by doing so.) If it was, or seemed, necessary to explain his meaning by a negative example of what he did not mean, should he not have chosen an example as little obscure as possible? But with all literature to select from, Mr. Huxley has picked out Keats's much-debated love letters for his contrast to "vulgar" emotionalism.

> Keats's love letters ring true, because he had great literary gifts. Most men and women are capable of feeling passion, but not of expressing it; their love letters (as we learn from the specimens read aloud at inquests and murder trials, in the divorce court, during breach of promise cases) are either tritely flat or tritely bombastic.

Although Mr. Huxley may be correct in saying that these love letters of Keats do "ring true," he could hardly have chosen a more confusing way in which to obscure the point he should have clarified, for Matthew Arnold's strictures are well known. Indeed, Mr. Huxley seems to have had a subconscious reminiscence of some of Arnold's exact phrases, and then to have reversed their meaning. All this about the breach of promise suit and the divorce court Arnold has already said—*against* the Keats letters. Among other things, Arnold remarked:

> . . . one is tempted to say that Keats's love letter is the love letter of a surgeon's apprentice. It has in its relaxed self-abandonment something underbred and ignoble, as of youth ill brought up. . . . It is the sort of love letter of a surgeon's apprentice which one might hear read out in a breach of promise case, or in the Divorce Court. The sensuous man speaks in it, and the sensuous man of a badly bred and badly trained sort.

These are but samples. Careful consideration of the whole essay on "Vulgarity in Literature" shows hardly a debatable point that is soundly argued, or a self-evident one that is treated with becoming brevity. There is the easy paradox, the clever epithet, the far-fetched humorous comparison, and the Johnsonian vigor of condemnation; there is brilliance. But the iconoclastic mood of the essay and the self-assurance with which the charge of vulgarity is brought cannot but serve as a boomerang.

EDWARD D. SNYDER.

Haverford, Pa.

## Mr. Aldous Huxley

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

Is Mr. Aldous Huxley happy in his choice of terms? Would that the wraith of Poe might rise up and take a fall out of Mr. Huxley! Poe a vulgarian! Of what will the poor man be accused next? And "galloping *dactyls*,"—God save the mark! Is it not the anapest that does the galloping? A return to school and a study of metrics might be recommended to Mr. Huxley. A course in Swinburne, for instance, save that Swinburne's "short cuts to music" are, by the gentleman, looked upon as "poetical vulgarity." One is inclined to question if, after all, the Frenchmen whom this astute critic cites are not better judges of Poe than he.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Kent, Connecticut.

## Anatole France

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

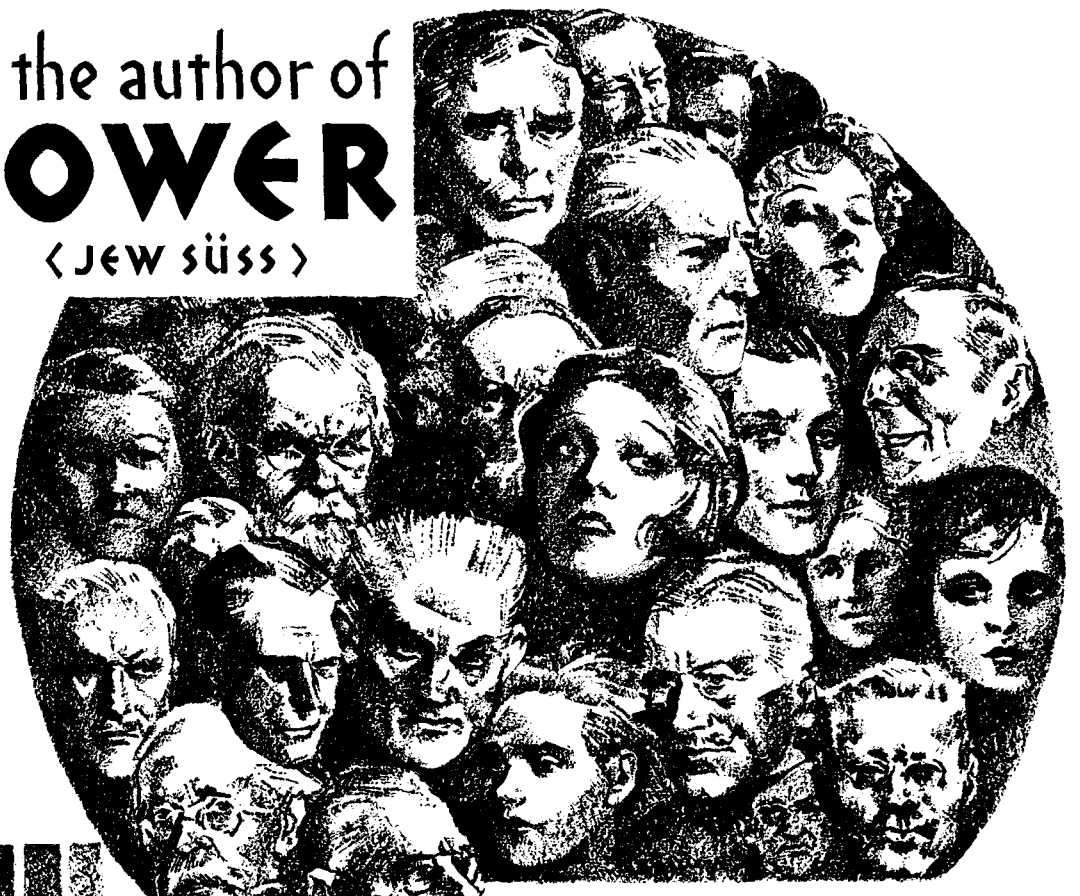
I have in preparation a critical and biographical study of Anatole France. It is probable that a certain number of his letters are in the possession of private owners in this country. If any of these be willing to communicate with me at the address below, I should be very grateful. Copies of the letters would be taken and the originals returned promptly to their owners.

E. PRESTON DARGAN.

The University of Chicago.

In celebration of the centenary of Victor Hugo's "Hernani," which occurs this year, there has been placed on exhibition in the Sterling Memorial Library at Yale University an exhibition of books of the French Romantic period, the authors of which contributed to the triumph of the movement.


by the author of
POWER
〈JEW SÜSS〉



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*This book, originally planned for two volumes at $5.00, is published in one beautifully made volume of 800 pages at $3.00.*

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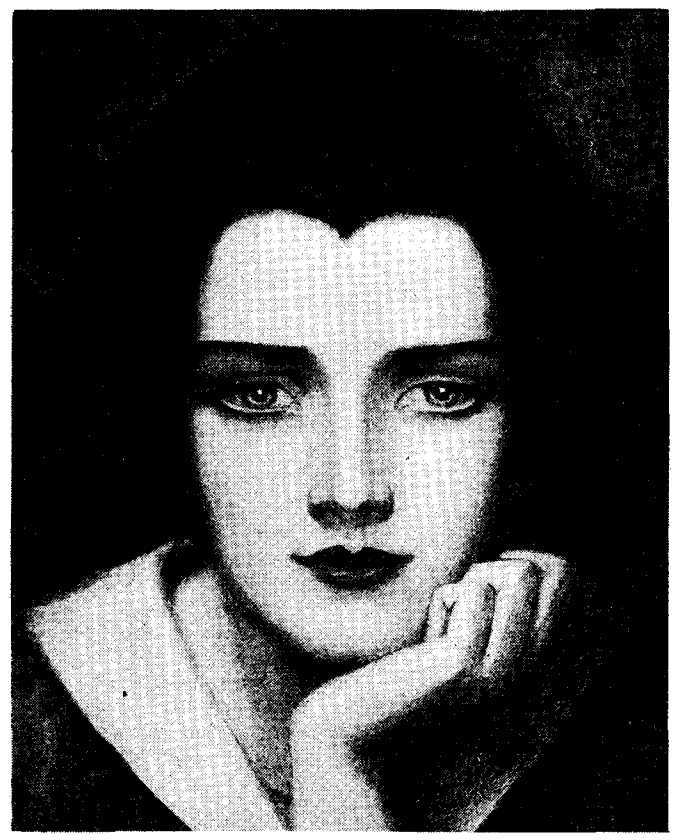

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# The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

## Fiction

THE SILVER SWAN. By BERTRAND COLLINS. Harpers. 1930. $2.50.

"Lovely thing, isn't she?" Sir Derek had answered. "Marvellously graceful body. . . . Utter pagan. One of the blessed. No mentality. No morals. No regrets. Just . . . beautiful. How've she and old Ian made out? Good old Ian. The rooster and the silver swan. . . ."

Mr. Collins's social comedy is fairly sampled in this fragment of dialogue. "The Silver Swan" is a novel with titles ranging from baronet to H.R.H. Cocktails are served from Shepherd's terrace to Claridge's, not missing the Ritz bar, Vikings, Dome, Select, and the Hôtel de la Tour Eiffel. There are gymkhana, polo, studio parties, crack trains and ships, and conversations in French, English, and American. A discreet amount of archeology and landscape is thrown in. The marriage of the rooster and the silver swan in St. Margaret's, properly the centerpiece of the novel, is not seen directly nor generously described. Why did the author scamp this grand parade?

Claire Watson of Columbus, Ohio, the Silver Swan, is Daisy Miller brought up to date and not so considerately handled by the author. But she and her mamma ask no odds of the Europeans or Mr. Collins. What remains to them of New World innocence pertains only to the surfaces of social usage and good form.

As well aware as the Europeans of what it is all about, and not in the least hampered by a code, as the English principals are, Claire and her mother wade in and get what they want in short order. The author should be commended for representing this latest version of American climber quite without mercy or special malice. The snobbery of the book is certainly self-conscious, if by no means green.

THE CONQUEROR'S LADY: INEZ SUAREZ. By STELLA BURKE MAY. Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. $4.

When the Spanish conqueror, Pedro de Valdivia, departed from Peru, in 1540, to subjugate the lands now known as Chile, a Spanish woman, Inez Suarez, it seems, went with him. She had a good deal to do with the conquest of the southern country, rode a white horse and wore a coat of mail, and on one occasion is said to have killed seven Indian chiefs with her own sword.

Mrs. May, travelling in Chile, appears to have been intrigued by this shadowy figure, of whom the ancient chroniclers say little and modern historians less, and enthusiastically tried to bring her to life again, partly by searching through the available records, and still more by writing a fictional biography in the contemporary fashion.

The jacketeer, in the jargon of his kind, describes the heroine as having "the soul of a Madonna, the spirit of the Cid, and the passion of a concubine. She was as great a heroine as Joan of Arc, and, in addition, she had what Joan had not—beauty and physical appeal." The perfect formula, it would seem, for a narrative of this kind, and the reader will be not be surprised if he scarcely finds it fulfilled in Mrs. May's pages. However, he will find a readable enough romance, done in the consciously sing-song style which popular magazine fictionists affect when dealing with ancient swashbuckling days, and with enough history of an unfamiliar scene and time to enlarge his views somewhat without burdening him. The story is illustrated with reproductions of old Spanish prints and of a painting by a Chilean artist of Inez Suarez as the painter imagined she might have appeared at the founding of Santiago.

WIND WITHOUT RAIN. By SHAN SEDGWICK. Scribners. 1930. $2.

This is a story of life among the shallow rich, the men whose time is divided between work in which they find no satisfaction and expensive dissipation in which they find no pleasure. They support in extravagant luxury wives who make no pretense of caring for them; they arrange with great difficulty brilliant marriages which their daughters would rather not enter. It is one of these marriages of convenience which furnishes most of the plot of the book.

It is difficult to be sure exactly what was the author's aim. His book has none of the frivolity of Mr. Van Vechten, whose earlier books on the same theme might be taken for pure entertainment. He does not give the impression of the stern realist, bent only on presenting an impression of truth; for one thing, he supplies a sort of chorus in two wise-cracking stenographers, who supply a commentary, a thing quite foreign to realism. One must conclude, from the title and some other indications, that the book is meant for a satire; but it has none of the exaggeration or the invective tone of satire. This country is, of course, in some aspects, the despair of the satirist who cannot exaggerate the truth; but Mr. Sedgwick might have handled his material more definitely. Readers are so calloused that they will not be much moved by the demonstration that men whose wives are cold attempt to seduce their stenographers, or that people who must choose their companions from a stupid set will try to get drunk as early as possible in any festivity. It takes more than such incidents to satirize this world. The book shows a power of observation, but not much more.

HILLTOP HOUSE. By ALICE ROSS COLVER. Dodd, Mead. 1930. $2.

Something of that crabbed, crotchety, flavorful New England of which Jonathan Leonard wrote in "Back To Stay" is in this new novel, which is very readable. The author writes usually from fresh observation, creates passable characters, keeps her situations going well, and salts her narrative with humor—real humor. It is no small accomplishment to have caught the turns of New England speech in dialogue, and to have written prose descriptions so beautiful and lyrical. A little less reliance on hackneyed plot, a little less use of "novelese," and this could have been an exceedingly fine novel.

UNHAPPY WIND. By NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD. Coward-McCann. 1930. $2.50.

Winfrid Cartwright, the hero of "Unhappy Wind," has a temperament which is highly sensual in every sense of the word. His senses are peculiarly developed; he always receives an impression of color from a sound. As he grows up, he shows a tendency toward eroticism which finds itself many channels; he is fascinated by girls' bodies, by the pre-Raphaelite poets, and later by the Episcopal High Church. He has been brought up in a not very religious Congregational family, but he turns Anglican, and finally escapes the difficult decisions of his life by becoming an Anglo-Catholic priest.

That, stripped of the detail, is all; and there should be more. A plea for *parti pris* is apt to be misunderstood, but one cannot help feeling that there are many novels which would gain immensely by it. In this book the author must know that he is raising many controversial, that is to say, many intensely interesting, questions, but he studiously avoids showing that he knows it. He evidently feels the extraordinary appeal of that unique institution, the Anglo-Catholic church; but does he think that appeal the voice of God for some souls, or a mere sentimental snare? He is interested in the connection between sex and religion; but does he feel that this connection invalidates religion or exalts sex, or that it makes no difference, as the size of an acorn does not lessen the size of an oak? Does he think his hero's conversion typical? Certainly he must have thought about these questions and his answer, either way, would make this a much stronger book.

What there is may be called a portrait, or a case history. Its value as a portrait may be estimated by hanging it for a few minutes in the same gallery with "The Bishop Orders His Tomb at Saint Praxed's". That is a portrait of a sensual, pseudo-religious nature where every stroke counts, whereas in "Unhappy Wind" half the strokes are wasted. Many pages are spent on Winfrid's childhood, his hero-worship of an older boy, his calf-love of a little girl—two experiences which are hardly more distinctive than the cutting of two sets of teeth. Or if one calls the book a psychological case-history, it wants the verisimilitude which is the first virtue of such a study; Winfrid's mother is made to recite "The Blue Closet," evidently because William Morris was one of the influences the author wished to bring to bear upon his hero; but from other indications of her character one can hardly believe in her doing it.

The background of the book, made up of the constant play of color in Winfrid's ears and of quotations from the pre-Raphaelites (who are quoted freely, but not always accurately) and from the magnificent liturgy of the English Church, is unusually attractive; but the foreground is only the story of an ineffectual, amorous young man, from childhood up to twenty-three or so; there have been a good many of them in the last fifteen years' novels.

THE KING'S MINION. By RAFAEL SABATINI. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $2.50.

This is, the publishers inform us, the twenty-second novel by Sabatini to appear under their imprint. His work is so well known that it would seem unnecessary to say anything about it in general. This book is not unlike the others in subject and style, and is perhaps up to his usual level.

It is a story of love and intrigue at the court of King James I, in which Robert Carr, the poor boy who was raised by royal caprice to be the most powerful man in the land, is the hero. His love for Frances Howard, of the Spanish-Catholic faction, their struggles against laws and men, their final marriage and imprisonment for the murder of Thomas Overbury—all are in the tradition of historical novels.

It is interesting that up to a certain point, and no farther, Sabatini writes what can truly be called a rattling good story. For almost two hundred pages one is carried along by the excellent plot, with good characters and situations, all very well handled—when suddenly, pouf! the story "goes movie." Our characters desert us, as characters, and become figures that we see only with the visual part of our imagination, turning and gyrating, as it were, before the lens of a camera.

Perhaps the author's (presumably) great experience in turning his novels into movies explains such writing as this: "Whether

(*Continued on page 294*)


*JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH*

*Author of* THE MODERN TEMPER

has written a brilliant new book which will be of profound interest not only to his established audience but also to the wider circle of readers for whom the novel has a special interest. Mr. Krutch considers that the novel has developed through a series of mutations, and he tells the story of five novelists—BOCCACCIO, CERVANTES, SAMUEL RICHARDSON, STENDHAL, and MARCEL PROUST—in order to illustrate how each produced such a mutation as the result of the nature of his character and experience. *Just published,* $3.50

FIVE MASTERS

BURTON RASCOE, N. Y. Herald Tribune: *"I vastly admire the probity of Mr. Krutch's mind, the high seriousness of his attitude in treating of matters of art and intellect, the emancipated candor of his opinions and the skill and grace with which he is able to resolve an immense amount of research into the unity and coherence of an entertaining commentary. He is readable, stimulating and impressive."* . . . WILLIAM SOSKIN, N. Y. Evening Post: *"The entire volume provides a refreshing and illuminating experience in criticism and a logical alignment of some of the vital forces which have contributed to the modern novel."*

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH, NEW YORK


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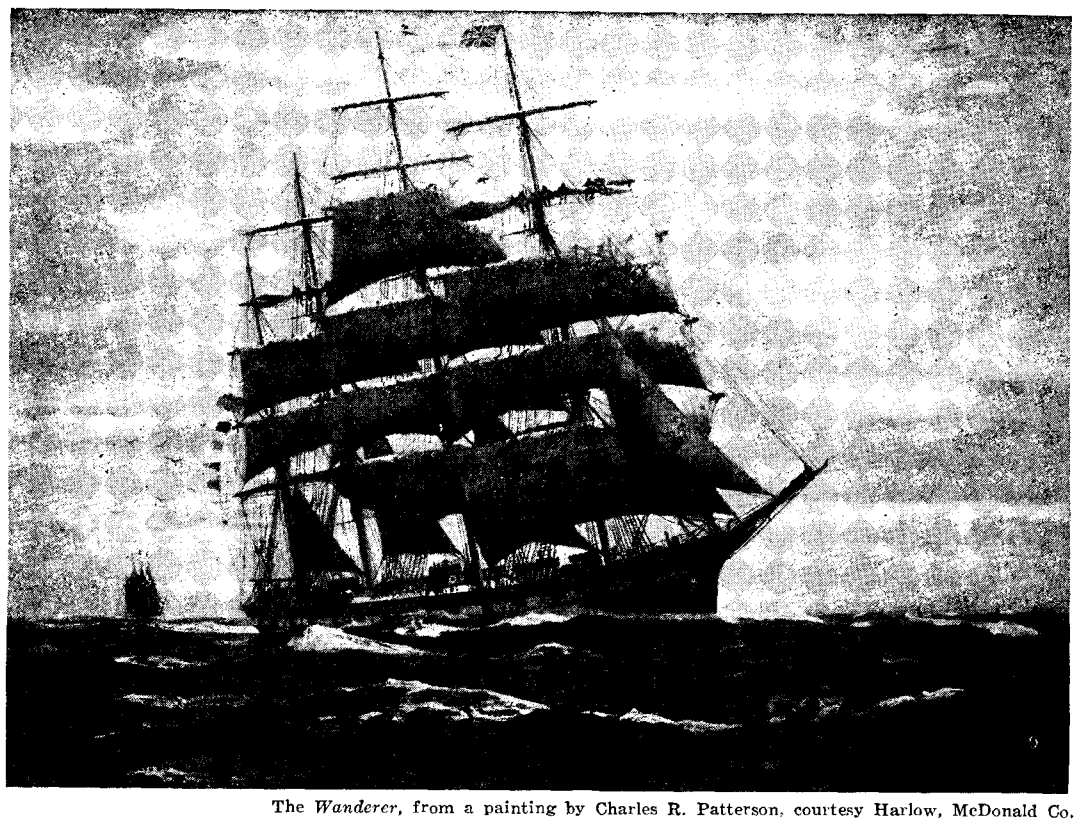

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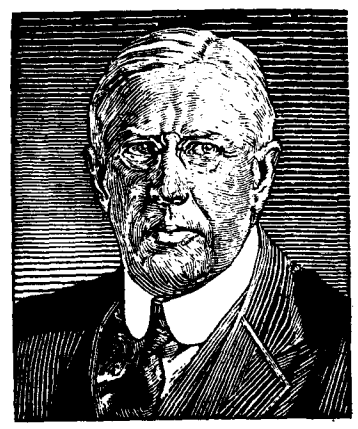

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## The New Books

### Fiction

(*Continued from page 292*)

his short thick frame, his heavy jowl, and foolish eyes would have revolted her if she had not beheld at his side the graceful ghost of her lover, is matter for speculation." At any rate, we begin to lose interest at about this point, where the author also makes use of such palpable sentimentalities as, "'Frances!' That was the only word he uttered. But the tone of his voice said all that was ever packed into the most eloquent declaration."

THE ISLAND. By NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH. Harpers. 1930. $2.50.

This novel deals with one of the most pitiful of tragedies, that of the lover who loses the world for the sake of one woman, and finds her nothing after all. That is essentially the tragedy in "Dusty Answer"; and in this book, too, the chief character is a girl who half-comprehendingly falls in love with another young woman. In "The Island," the author attempts a psychological explanation for this which seems unconvincing; Myfanwy, her heroine, she says, in the very hour of a mysterious awakening, when she had just become ripe and ready to fall into the hand of a man, encountered a handsome rider upon a magnificent stallion; she looked at the vision in adoration, and intercepted a frown intended for the spirited horse; from then until the end of her life she hated men. This incident, in the author's skilful telling, is much more credible than it may appear in résumé; one is prepared to believe that it might even have shocked Myfanwy into frigidity; but it is too much to accept the entire change of her desires from one sex to the other. And there can be no doubt of the relationship between Myfanwy and Flossie; it is presented with the utmost delicacy, but Myfanwy's conviction of sin at a religious mission makes its nature clear.

Once one has gone beyond the inadequate explanation with which this book, like "The Well of Loneliness," is saddled, one finds an absorbing story. There is no emphasis upon the abnormality in the situation; as in "Regiment of Women," it is simply a cause of complicated unhappiness, and can never by any possibility have a happy outcome. The characters are brilliantly drawn; Flossie is a true sister of the heroine of "All Kneeling," and her character has a dramatic value, from the depth of the catastrophe, which Miss Parrish's satiric portrait does not possess. And though we see clearly how shallow and selfish Flossie is, yet we can comprehend her fascination for Myfanwy, the farmer's girl; we can see how the glimpses Flossie gives her of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and cheap perfume and over-ruffled clothes — "Wilcoxery" Miss Royde-Smith calls Flossie's world generally—appear to Myfanwy revelations of beauty and romance. It is a book that makes one feel that the worst of poverty is not the privations of the poor, but their pitiful enjoyments.

The story moves forward strongly. The development of Myfanwy's character, the narrowing prison of her circumstances, the deceptive hopes of escape, all provoke expectation, and all satisfy it.

WHAT MAD PURSUIT? By JESSIE DOUGLAS FOX. Brewer & Warren. 1930. $2.

On the promising merits of her first novel, "Rain before Seven," one had reason to anticipate a more auspicious second effort from its author than the mediocre tale she herein presents. It is the story of brave Nora Lake, an innocuous young idealist, and of her pathetic struggle to gain the small measure of felicity which the harsh conditions of her environment darken at every turn. Her life up to twenty she passed abroad with her worthless, bohemian father, a jovial parasite masquerading as an unappreciated artist of genius, from whom her sudden marriage to an unloved husband at last enables Nora to part. But *en voyage* to America, the despondent husband drowns himself, sending widowed Nora to the care of his rich, unfriendly kinspeople in Albany. Snubbed by these latter Nora seeks a home with her father's humble, wage-earning relatives, and it is among them that she eventually wins happiness. The tale is at its best in its delineation of indigent middle-class types, embodied in Nora's paternal aunt and cousins, but is severely handicapped by a banal triteness of design.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART'S MYSTERY BOOK. Farrar & Rinehart. $2 net.

SECRET FEATHERS. By *Mildred Seydell.* Macaulay. $2.

(*Continued on page 296*)

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# The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*.

*F. W. P., Chicago, asks for translations of Arthur Schnitzler, especially the plays, and whether a copy of George Macdonald's "Lilith" is procurable.*

AS for "Lilith," it was out of print for some time, but I am glad to say is now to be found in a special edition published by Dutton, prepared under the editorship of the author's son, Greville Macdonald, with introduction key, paraphrase of the earlier manuscript version, and explanation of notes. This novel for mystics is one of the classics of its kind.

The works of Schnitzler in English are scattered among several publishers, his long vogue having died down and sprung up again in another field. Of the plays the "Anatol" series, in a paraphrased version by Granville Barker, is published by Little, Brown, who have also in one volume "The Lonely Way," "Intermezzo," and "Countess Mizzi"; Appleton publishes a popular collection of "Comedies of Words"; "Liebelei" is issued by the Dramatic Publishing Co. as "Light o'Love"; "Living Hours" and "The Green Cockatoo" make a volume of the Modern Library. "Dr. Graesler" is published by Boni, "Professor Bernhardi," by Simon & Schuster. Of the novels "Fräulein Else," "None but the Brave," "Rhapsody," "Daybreak," "Theresa," and "Beatrice" are published by Simon & Schuster, together with a volume of ten remarkable "Little Novels" that with the brief psychological studies and named show the springing up of his genius in his later years. "Viennese Idyls" (Luce), "Bertha Garlan" (Modern), "The Shepherd; Pipe and Other Stories" (Frank), and the fine, long novel of his earlier period, "The Road to the Open" (Knopf), completes, so far as I can find, the list of his works in English.

Speaking, as we have been lately doing, of translations from German semi-classics, W. W. Norton & Co. tell me that in October they will publish Rainer Maria Rilke's "The Journal of My Other Self," which is a translation of "Die Aufzeichnungen des Malte Lauride Brigge," which someone has called a journal "autobiographically colored." This should interest Rilke enthusiasts who have taken part in this effort at documentation.

*H. W. O., St. Jean-de-Luz, Pyrenees, asks for a book list for Spain as useful as the one with which this department equipped him for North Africa. As his letter says that he intends to begin with Barcelona "and wind up at Majorca six months later, and if the money lasts go through Italy to Vienna for six more months," it is to be seen that he is likely to keep one eye of this department on the map for some time to come.*

THE latest book on Spain is the one with which I would begin if I were going there, because it has the sort of general survey of present-day conditions, with their startling economic and political changes from the Spain of our dreams and most of its literature, that makes so good a preparation for actual travel. This is "Spain," by Salvador de Madariaga (Scribner), in which is such information likely to take the American reader by surprise as that concerning Spanish women, four thousand of whom it seems are now attending universities instead of choosing "to stay at home and either accumulate their energies or spend them in the rearing of families of anything from five to fourteen children." Those who know Madariaga's "Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards" (Oxford), an essay in comparative psychology that I trust this traveller will read, know his admirable method of literary expression. Baedeker's "Spain" (Scribner) one takes along, and this inquirer intends to take some Borrow and asks what comes in compact form and inexpensive price. You can get "The Bible in Spain" in several inexpensive and well-printed editions, but I prefer "Everyman" because my experience with its type on the march and its lightness in the pocket have been most satisfactory. "Lavengro," "Gypsies in Spain," and "The Romany Rye" are in the same edition. If gypsies are your delight, there is Irving Brown's "Nights and Days on the Gypsy Trail" (Harper), by one who followed it after something the fashion of Borrow; Harry A. Franck made his journey on foot at a cost of $172 all told, as described in "Four Months Afoot in Spain" (Century); they tell me that this is still the ideal way to see Spain, for all its great improvement in transportation methods, and there is surely a special charm about books in which this way is used, or some such happy go lucky plan as that of those inspired travellers Jan and Cora Gordon, in "Two Vagabonds in Spain" (McBride). Eleanor Elsner's "Spanish Sunshine" (Century) and R. M. McBride's "Spanish Towns and People" (McBride) cover a large part of the country and are quite recent: "Cities of Spain," by Edward Hutton (Macmillan), lately appeared in a new edition; Havelock Ellis's "The Soul of Spain" (Houghton Mifflin) is still valuable. A tourist to whom I suggested H. D. Sedgwick's "Spain" (Little, Brown) as a short and attractive reading history, told me on his return that he had found it quite indispensable. No doubt this inquirer knows Amy Oakley's "Hill Towns of the Pyrenees" (Century) and Paul Wilstach's "Along the Pyrenees" (Bobbs-Merrill), which goes from Toulouse to Biarritz, but I put them in for those in whom his letter may have inspired thoughts of travel.

Speaking of travel, a letter just received from a returned traveller in Willmette, Illinois, makes me break the rule of this column of keeping thank-yous out of print—that is, when they thank me for advice given, as they so politely and so often do. It is from that inquirer who wanted to be started on a trip in the right frame of mind to get the most out of European travel; I answered it at once briefly by mail, as I try to do with all letters received by the Guide, and when it appeared in print several other travellers sent advice and commendation. It appears that this letter reached her just before she sailed. "Upon my return," she says, "I read your answer in the Guide, and to my surprise discovered that I had begun to view things as you did. You made me realize that I *wanted* to see the things that I planned to see, and that if I maintained a sense of humor that I would have an amusing and interesting time—and I did. I may never be like some of my friends in their enthusiasms, or be able to talk about them in the way they do, but I do have my flashes of memories of the Thames Embankment in the rain and the Arno at night. Thank you a thousand times for making me a happier traveller."

Now I ask you, could I keep that to myself?

*C. E. B., Crestwood, N. Y., asks me to choose the most authoritative and instructive book on the subject of how to read, in which he is deeply interested. He is lost in what seems to him a maze of books of this nature.*

SHYING away, as usual, from the dangers of the word "best," my idea of an admirable book through which one who might call himself a grown-up beginner in constructive reading could get a good start is "How to Read Books," by Llewellyn Jones (Norton), a guide to enjoyment and appreciation whose excellence will in no way surprise those who know his "How to Criticize Books" (Norton). I suppose this might indeed be used at the beginning, depending on the nature and extent of the reading one has done already, though a general reader, with a tendency to the omnivorous and the uneasy sense that he is losing his taste from over-eating so often accompanying this tendency, will find "How to Read Books" both practical and stimulating. Better take both; each is brief.

*E. H. S., Springfield, O., asks if I know of anything adapted for women's clubs which gives suggestions on "How to Write a Book Review."*

LACKING a house address for this reply I address to the club public at large the announcement that so far as I have been able to discover, the only suggestions for *oral* book reviews, such as are here desired, are in the chapters on the subject in "Books as Windows," by May Lamberton Becker (Stokes), where they amount to directions. This first appeared in a magazine with a circulation of some two million, most of which promptly wrote to me about it—or so the postman seemed to think. The suggestions in Mr. Jones's "How to Criticize Books," just mentioned, though not meant for the special purpose, can be readily adapted to it. *The same inquirer, and also E. R. E., Marshall, Minnesota, asks for lists of plays for amateur production.* There are any number of these appended to books on amateur play production and the drama, but a good beginning may be made with the pamphlet "Plays for Amateurs," edited by S. M. Tucker and published for the Drama League of America by Wilson. This is arranged by groups and has a special section for "Plays for Women"; plots are sketched, number of characters and type of staging indicated, and information given on royalties. A reading circle will do well to take Burns Mantle's "Best Plays of 1928-1929" (Dodd, Mead), which gives enough of the text of ten important productions to get a good idea of them, condensing the parts between quotations. Any of these may be obtained complete in a volume by itself, if the group wishes to read it aloud in full.

*W. E. M., Coronado, Cal., asks for a "few rational books on the subject of sex," for a young man. "Are there any that present the fundamental particulars and their physiological, psychological, and social implications in a practical manner, so that a promising mentality may not bog down in a morass of repression?" he asks.*

"THE Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene of the Sex Organs," by Von Sneidern and Sundquist (Holt), is a small book recommended by the American Social Hygiene Association, 370 Seventh Avenue, N. Y., as a reference book for parents and teachers. Among other books recommended by them for young men are Havelock Ellis's "Little Essays of Love and Virtue" (Doubleday, Doran), Maud Royden's "Sex and Commonsense" (Putnam), "The Rational Sex Life for Men," by M. J. Exner (Association Press), Paul Popenoe's "Modern Marriage" (Macmillan), and a manual for study groups, T. W. Galloway's "Sex Factor in Human Life" (published by the association). Galloway's "Sex and Social Health," also published by the association, though meant especially for social workers, is valuable to the general reader.

"*A CONSTANT Reader in Rome," writing from Badia Prataglia, Prov. di Arezzo, says*, "In the *Saturday Review* of August 2 one of your correspondents asks for books dealing with revenge; for anyone who can read Italian there is a masterpiece in Sem Benelli's play in verse, "La Cena della Beffe." No one who saw the frightfully common and vulgar adaptation of it called "The Jest" can have any idea of the force and fire of the original; it has the brevity and swift inexorableness of a Greek tragedy, its four acts play in about two hours, there is nowhere a temptation (rare in dramatic poetry) to delay the action for the sake of the verse. In the first two hundred words Giannetto starts his web of vengeance, and its steady weaving is relentless. "Beffe" means a *cruel* practical joke, of a kind the Florentines of the fourteenth century were much given to; the victim, Giannetto, is physically a coward, a quivering, nervous, cerebral person whose thirst for revenge and complete concentration with it lend him courage in the most dangerous situation—as far removed as the pole from John Barrymore's languid esthete. It was butchered in New York; long drawn out, over- and under-played, and whole scenes interpolated; the endearments, such as "my little cream custard," which had such success, were pure Broadway and did not exist in the original. It is as truly fourteenth century Florence (not Rome or Milan or Venice) as any picture in the Uffizi, and the starkness of its last brief act, with the May song coming in the moonlit casement and the rapid and terrible action, still takes my breath away every time I see it played, though I have seen and read it so often. If your correspondent wants the refinement and quintessence of revenge, here it is."

This is by no means the first time that I, reading as little Italian as amounts to none at all, have been warned that the Broadway version of Benelli's play was a quite different matter from the original; it would seem that there was room for a translation from the Italian direct, for reading purposes. It is interesting to see how often the dramatic literature of Italy has been taken over by other nations with drastic changes deemed necessary to fit it for foreign stages; in the old days the cheerful habit of lifting plots, characters, and whole batches of dialogue made the rest of Europe and England familiar with Italian plays under new names, but now, in this country at least, the name has been more than once kept for a version distinctly different in spirit from that of the Italian original. I have been lately reading John Palmer's much-needed "Molière" (Brewer & Warren), and noticing with especial interest the part played in it by Italian writers and actors; this biography should be owned by all drama-students.


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## The New Books

### Miscellaneous

(*Continued from page 294*)

A MAN AND HIS DOG. By THOMAS MANN. Translated by HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER. Knopf. 1930. $2.50.

This is a pleasant bookful of Mann's days beside the Isar as they used to be shared with Bashan, who—or which, if one must—could not "really claim to be a setter," and had points like a terrier. Its distinctions are observation that amounts to an informal little study of canine psychology, reflection that sometimes rises to philosophy, controlled susceptibility to nature's moods and aspects, and, pervading the whole, quiet humor. As "Herr und Hund," it was originally published in Germany some twelve years ago, and in 1923 a translation with the title "Bashan and I" appeared under an American imprint. At that time Mann's name was scarcely known in this country; now, doubtless, as a work of his the book will find readers even among those who care nothing for superior writing about a man and his dog.

THE AYAR-INCAS. By MILES POINDEXTER. Liveright. 1930. 2 vols. $10.

Senator Poindexter attempts to prove, in this elaborate work, the Indo-Aryan origin of the Incas, and the close racial, cultural, and linguistic relationships of the ancient peoples of the New World with those of the Old. In claims for world-wide diffusion of certain highly evolved social and religious conceptions, and of tribal and place names, the author's theories outshine the most fanciful suggestions of G. Elliot-Smith and W. J. Perry. The general character of the book is well illustrated by some of the chapter titles: "Aryan Gods in America," "Arrival of Polynesian Giants in Peru," "A Nazca (ancient Peruvian) Vase with Chinese Characters," "White Chinese at Chan-Chan (North Peru)," "Asiatic Art in Pre-Columbian America," "The Hindu 'Wonder Beast' in Mexico and Peru," "Aton of Egypt Worshipped by Name in Peru," "Asiatic Place-Names in America," "Aryan Speech in Ancient America," "Aryan Adjectival Inflection in Quichua, Eskimo, and English," "English Words in the Maya Language." In fact, the whole substance of the book might well have been included under the title of one of the chapters—"El Dorado and Other Myths." Apparently Senator Poindexter does not know what constitutes evidence; and one can only hope that no earnest layman will accept this book as an example of modern anthropology.

A CATALOGUE OF THE ETCHINGS OF LEVON WEST. Compiled by *Otto M. Torrington*. Rudge. $15.

STRUGGLE. By *Ray Strachey*. Duffield. $3.50.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION IN THE SOUTH. By *Broadus Mitchell* and *George Sinclair Mitchell*. Johns Hopkins Press. $2.75.

THE HISTORY OF OPERA IN ENGLAND. By *Capt. George Cecil*. Taunton, Eng.: The Wessex Press.

HANDBOOK OF BUILDING CONSTRUCTION. Edited by *George A. Hool* and *Nathan C. Johnson*. McGraw-Hill. 2 vols.

ADVENTURES IN MONEY RAISING. By *Cornelius M. Steffens* and *Paul P. Faris*. Macmillan. $2.50.

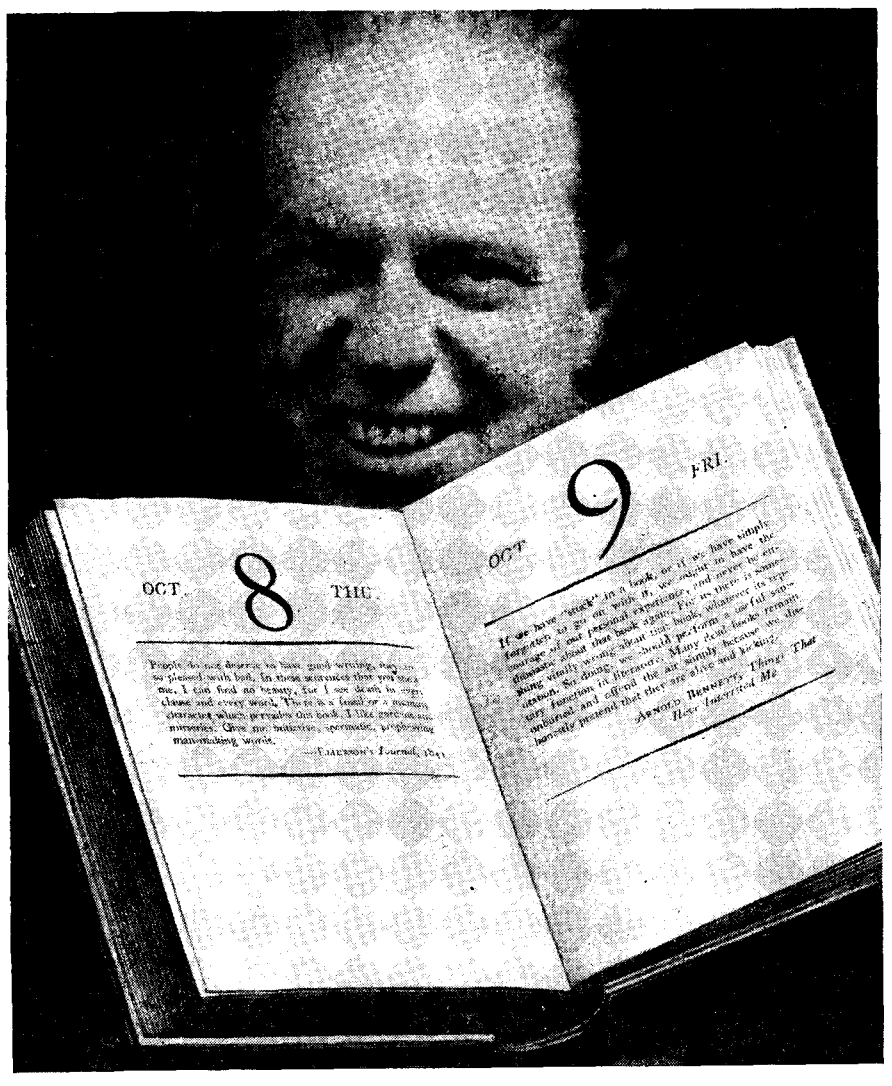
### Poetry

TRANSLATIONS OF ANCIENT ARABIC POETRY, Chiefly Pre-Islamic. By CHARLES JAMES LYALL. Columbia University Press. 1930. $3.

It is to Charles James Lyall and Wilfrid Scawen Blunt that we are chiefly indebted for such understanding as we have of the great poetry which the Arabs wrote in the days before Mohammed. There have been other commentators and translators, but these men alone approached the task with enthusiasm and worked at it on a grand scale. Of the several volumes of translations published by Lyall in his lifetime the present one is perhaps the most representative, since it includes pieces taken from as many as five of the ancient collections. This reprint is particularly useful in view of its long introduction, its notes on pronunciation, and its commentaries on the various authors or poems dealt with in the text. Much of the original must be lost in any translation, but Lyall may be counted on for faithfulness, zeal, and as much as may be of the gorgeous energy which distinguished the songs in their first form.

GREEN NAKEDNESS. By *Benjamin Rosenbaum*. Des Moines: Maizeland Press.

CERTAIN PORTS OF IMPORTANCE. Compiled by *Hattie Hecht Sloss*. Dutton. $5.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## "Undine" and "Crusoe"

UNDINE. By F. DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ. Translated by EDMUND GOSSE. Woodcuts by ALLEN LEWIS. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1930.

THE LIFE AND STRANGE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE OF YORK, MARINER. By DANIEL DEFOE. Illustrations by EDWARD A. WILSON. Introduction by FORD MADOX FORD. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1930.

THE tenth and eleventh volumes in the first year of the Limited Editions Club's publications bring two quite dissimilar books, each in its way distinctive, each contributing to the varied typographical program of Mr. Macy's interesting enterprise. For I do not hold with those who would disparage such a publishing venture. It is of course obvious that not all of the books which have been issued are of first class merit typographically. Finely printed books, like finely done work of any sort, call for a combination of craftsman, client, and inspiration which are not at beck and call: neither can they be directly purchased. Some of the most ambitious attempts, amply financed, have proved disappointing, while some small, unpretentious book comes out, to the surprise of its creator, exceptionally well. But bearing this in mind, Mr. Macy's books have been in general well printed. And back of these well printed books was a sound, if novel, publishing idea.

Of the two books before me, Mr. Wilson's is the more attractive in every way, despite the fact that Mr. Lewis is a first class craftsman. It is not a matter of printer, either, because both books were printed by competent men. It may be that the two stories are partly responsible for the difference. Certainly there is little doubt in my own mind: I can read Defoe's story, and I cannot read Fouqué's.

Mr. Lewis has made a good many wood engravings for his "Undine," both full page pictures and decorative borders. These are printed in black with a rather dark brown-green background which grows oppressive by over-repetition. The type, chosen to go with the wood engravings, is suitable, but emphasizes the somberness of the pages. The design of the book may be in accord with the story and its period, but it does not produce a readable book. Mr. Lewis's wood blocks are cut with his usual vigor. In a time of half-tones and wash drawings, such good, virile craftsmanship is a tremendous relief.

Mr. Wilson's illustrations for "Robinson Crusoe" are very attractive, and in combination with Grabhorn typography serve to make adequate presentation of a good old story. Type and illustrations in this book have also been carefully mated—we order this thing better than in France, where the pictures might have had birth but not the typography, which is entirely satisfactory both in itself and in its relation to the pictures. The title-page alone is not so good—it looks as if it had been printed from rather bad zinc plates. And I regret that the chain marks in the paper run the wrong way. But in general this is a delightful edition of "Crusoe." The binding, in limp, coarse green cloth, is somewhat unusual, but pleasing. R.

## In Advertisia

MODERN PUBLICITY. Commercial Art Annual. Edited by F. A. MERCER and W. GAUNT. New York: Rudge. 1930.

NINTH ANNUAL OF ADVERTISING ART, from advertisements shown at the exhibition of the Art Directors' Club, Art Center, New York, May 6-29, 1930. New York: Book Service Co. 1930.

WHAT a queer, unreal place is Advertisia. It is not that one abandons hope on entering—heavens no! one is fed on hope, lured by hope, drugged by hope. Hope of avoiding the danger line, hope of appearing sophisticated and worldly-wise by using plated silver—or even more so by buying sterling. Hope of appearing *distingué* by using one sort of cigarette, or hope of avoiding That Shadow by using another. What the denizens in Advertisia seek is to entice all within the fold by holding out the hope of gratifying every human foible and desire. What has Heaven to offer comparable to the lithe seductiveness of a Fisher Body: what terror of Hell can compare with B.O.?

It is one of the assertions of the professional advertisers that the best "art" in America is being produced for advertising. Such an assumption is of doubtful truth, and an inspection of these two volumes fails to provide me with a conviction that such is the case. In the first place the very competent drawings and paintings which are dedicated to the selling of goods are devoted to a rather dubious end. As a craftsman I cannot regard buying and selling as ends in and of themselves deserving of very great praise. There is even something sinister about a whole nation passionately engaged in such activity. From the advertisers' song of childhood—"Buy low, my baby"—to the maudlin advertisements of elaborate mausoleums, we are in the grip of a new cult. To lend the exquisiteness of line and color and pictorial delineation to such ends is unwholesome.

Secondly, advertising is one of the most ephemeral of activities, and the resources of imaginative and inventive artists should not consciously be directed to such transient ends.

That there is a legitimate, necessary, and useful kind of advertising I readily grant. It is the higher levels of psychological "publicity" which seem to me illegitimate; and it is such publicity that these volumes celebrate. My friends in the advertising business will say that I have no right in this column to wander so far off the reservation, but I think I find in these two books evidence of an unholy alliance between "art" and business, evidence not only of prostituted talent, but of bad art.

In general the European examples show more striking use of directness and force than do the American. But that such vigor may lead to confusion and muddle is obvious in the pages of such a journal as *L'Illustration*, for example, where good designs in themselves are merely productive of chaos when brought together in numbers. (This was not true of the more restrained advertising of the eighteenth century newspaper, where the advertising columns were much more an integral part of the newspaper, and were, I think, much more effective individually and collectively.)

Another and curious aspect of these examples is that while they aim to shock, and do shock by their novelty and bizarre juxtapositions, they very frequently are so confused and complex in design as to be almost puzzling in pattern. This is somewhat due to reduction: as was apparent in the Art Directors exhibition, where the original large drawings were quite effective (apart from the printed text) in contrast to the smaller reproductions.

And finally the incongruity between text and pictures offends me, almost as much as the sentimentality. Nothing in recent years has quite reached the sublime sentimentality of that advertisement which showed a lovely post-Gibson girl gazing raptly at a mail-order catalogue and saying "My father loved that book,"—but some of these reproductions almost reach that dizzy eminence! And they are fully as incongruous.

In two media there are striking examples in the books before me: photography and poster design. In general I find the work in painting and drawing inferior. But there are very striking instances of successful use of the camera and the poster technique. This is not so difficult to explain, perhaps, because both of these two methods are modern and in sympathy with modern advertising.

Both volumes have been printed with all the resources of modern process color, black and white half-tone and fine presswork. They leave nothing to be desired on the score of printing. And that they will be of very great value to future students of advertising is evident. They are interesting but exasperating books. R.

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## New Books and New Presses

THE ROXBURGHE CLUB of San Francisco announces as its first publication, "Eden Anto," by Antonio Fogazzaro, translated by Theodore Wesley Kock. Small folio. 250 copies. $10.

THE CRESSET PRESS, London, announces "Decorative Initial Letters," collected and arranged with an introduction by A. F. Johnson. 500 copies, at 6 guineas.

MESSRS. AUGUST and Maurice Heckscher, Glen Head, Long Island, announce the founding of the Ashlar Press.

*The Colophon*, which has been greeted with much praise for the first two numbers, calls for subscriptions for its second year, 1931. No limitation as to the number of subscribers who will be welcomed has been set, but only paid in advance orders received up to December 1, 1930, will be accepted. Further information may be obtained from the office of the *Colophon*, 229 West 43d Street, New York City.

CARREFOUR EDITIONS, Paris, announce "U. S. A. with Music: An Operatic Tragedy," by unnamed author. 400 copies at $2—which seems a modest enough price.

HUNTINGTON PRESS, 205 East 42d Street, New York, sends out its first announcement of books to be issued. The titles include: "A Remedy for Disappearing Game Fish," by President Hoover; "As Hounds Ran," "Four Centuries of Foxhunting," edited by A. Henry Higginson; "The English Dictionarie of 1623," with a prefatory note by Professor Tinker; "The Grand National," by David Hoadley Munroe; "Yachting in America," by Herbert L. Stone; "The Foxhunting Diary of George Washington," edited by A. Henry Higginson; "Steeple-Chasing in America," by Frank Bryan. Some of these editions are limited, a few are not.

MR. W. E. RUDGE has printed in a pleasant little brochure a letter about books and book collecting written by Mr. Edward L. Stone of Roanoke, Virginia.

A NEW title in the Cresset Press list, and the third to be issued by them as a fine edition of a contemporary author, is "Elinor Barley," by Sylvia Townsend Warner—250 copies at $25 and 30 on hand made paper at $67. The illustrations in dry-point by I. R. Hodgkins. R.

### THE COMMONWEALTH REPORT

JUST why the great part of institutional, governmental, and financial printing should be as bad as it is I cannot quite understand. But if one were to look for all the typographical offenses combined in one bad whole, he would look for it in the impersonal printing of institutions, public and private. Which makes the good work that occasionally turns up—as for instance in that of the Carnegie Foundation—stand out bravely by comparison.

The Commonwealth Fund has issued within the year a volume on the activities with which it has been associated in Austria. The book is a good example of how such reports may be printed: sound workmanship, good type, well set, appropriate margins and paper, and decorative end-paper maps make up a good piece of work. The illustrations, reproduced by off-set or similar process, have been very well handled: they are not crowded, being printed one to a page, and they are printed with much care from what must have been exceptionally good photographs. Mr. Graham R. Taylor, of the Division of Publications, states that the work reported upon was of outstanding importance, and the book was intended to reflect this. Only one omission troubles me—there is no title or other mark of identification on the back-bone. Otherwise the volume may be commended to all public or quasi-public organizations as an example of one good way to do such things. R.

## The Third Colophon

*THE COLOPHON*, a Book Collectors' Quarterly. Part Three. New York. 1930.

THE third number of this quarterly is at hand, and to say that it sustains the excellent record set by its predecessors, or, as one reviewer says, that it is the best of the three, is merely to use conventional jargon. The quarterly, it seems to me, does more than that: it makes clearer that the establishment of such a book (or magazine—one hardly knows how to classify it) was undertaken along justifiable lines, and that the two or three men directly responsible for it have done a good job. For there is and has been nothing quite like it in America, nothing which seeks to combine fine printing by all of the country's most competent printers with a literary program of comparable merit.

The present issue contains: "Gentlemen of the Old School," by Harry E. Smith; "The Eighth Sin," by Christopher Morley; "Notes for an Autobiography," by Carl Van Vechten; "A Library Dedicated to the Life and Works of Horace Walpole," by Wilmarth S. Lewis; "An Unconsidered Trifle," by R. W. Chapman; "The Dark Horse," by LeRoy Crummer; "Decentralization or Deadlock," by Michael Sadleir; "The California School of Printing," by Oscar Lewis; "Lavinia Dickinson," by Carolyn Wells; and "Les Cenelles," by Edward L. Tinker. Such a list of titles and contributors would be a credit to any established quarterly. When to this is added a variety and comeliness of typography which no other quarterly has ever had, one possesses a unique publication.

Mention should also be made of a really excellent wood engraving, "Paris Street," by Howard Cook.

The *Colophon* takes its place in a gallant company which includes (though for divers reasons) *The Lark*, *The Chap Book*, *The Cornhill Booklet*, *Modern Art*, *The Knight Errant*, and other testimonies to the less materialistic side of American civilization. It even goes farther than they did, for it is conducted upon a no profit, no salary basis, "an adventure in enthusiasm," as its editors call it. It is to be hoped that its plans for the next year will be accepted by the necessary 3,000 subscribers at $15 a year. We suggest that no better evidence of faith in something of more enduring value than the stock market could be given than your support of this quarterly. R.

INCREASE MATHER; HIS WORKS: Being a short-title catalogue compiled by THOMAS J. HOLMES, Librarian of the William Gwinn Mather Library. Cleveland. 1930.

This list has been printed by Horace Carr in his usual interesting style. Caslon type, with black letter running heads, has been used in the simple, straightforward way which best brings out their good qualities. The title-page is distinguished by an interesting seventeenth century border especially cut for Mr. Carr, and preserving the flavor of such border units better than usual.

R.

Ritter-Hopson Galleries, Newark, N. J. November 6: First Editions of American and English Authors from the library of a Milwaukee collector. The sale catalogue is interesting without being unusual—all the respectable American authors are present.

G. M. T.


Housatonuc Bookshop
New Catalogue of
Rare and Standard Books
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RACKHAM & DULAC
DE LUXE, LARGE-PAPER & EARLY FIRST EDITIONS
Write for List
R. FLETCHER, LTD.
23 New Oxford Street
LONDON, W. C. 1, ENGLAND

The Farmington Bookshop
FARMINGTON, CONN.
FIRST EDITIONS RARE BOOKS
CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

# Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: STAMPS & PRINTS :: LITERARY SERVICES

### *ARCHAEOLOGY*

ARCHAEOLOGY: The modern method of unearthing ancient Bible sites, copiously illustrated from actual results. Order now "Beth Shemesh," $3, prepaid and postpaid. Dr. Elihu Grant, Haverford College, Pennsylvania.

### *BARGAIN OFFERS*

WE SPECIALIZE IN CURIOUS BOOKS; privately printed items in limited editions; unexpurgated translations; unusually illustrated volumes. Join our select clientele. Catalogue on request. The Falstaff Press, Dept. S, 489 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FAUST BOOK SERVICE, "Library Builders," 221 Fourth Ave., New York. Jesuit Relations, illustrated ($5.00) $2.00. Psychopaia Sexualis, Kraft-Ebing ($5.00) $2.00. Write for our attractive bulletin.

20% DISCOUNT; ANY BOOK published. Book Bazaar, 1743 47th Street, Brooklyn.

### *BACK NUMBERS*

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES. List free. Salisbury's, 78 East 10th Street, New York.

### *BOOK BINDING*

EXPERT HAND BOOKBINDING and Casemaking for First Editions or Autographs, Exclusive Best Imported Materials, Restoration and all forms of Scientific Book Reclamation. Period Modernist and Conventional Designs. Prices on request. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., 240 West 23rd Street, New York City.

### *BOOK PLATES*

COPPER PLATE STYLE $4 to $5 per hundred. Send 10 cents for sample. Frank E. Bittner, 251 High Street, Nutley, N. J.

### *BOOKS FOR WRITERS*

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUES of the Writer's Library, sample copy of The Writer's Monthly and particulars of Dr. Essenwein's famous forty-lesson course in Short-Story Writing free; write to-day. The Home Correspondence School, Dept. 88, Springfield, Mass.

### *FIRST EDITIONS*

FIRST EDITIONS: A WIDE and varied assortment of first editions of the better known books in the entire range of American literature. Catalogue on request. FULLERTON & SON, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

FIRST EDITIONS AND RARE BOOKS. Catalogues issued. Write us for books wanted. We specialize in American Firsts. Pegasus Book Shop, 31 East 60th Street, New York City.

CATALOGUES FREE. First editions, rare books, fine sets, Americana miscellaneous. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue, near 10th Street.

FIRST EDITIONS and SCARCE BOOKS always on display at Mendoza's, 15 Ann Street, New York City.

CATALOGUES OF FIRST EDITIONS issued regularly and mailed on request. Ye Bibliophile, Chappaqua, New York.

### *FOREIGN BOOKS*

FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, Spanish books and periodicals. Catalogues. Books for the study of all languages. Our experience of over seventy years will serve you. Schoenhof's, 387 Washington Boston, Mass.

### *FRENCH BOOKS*

FRENCH BOOKS, OF ALL FRENCH publishers, all unusual, out-of-the-way and rare French Books. All French Art Books, lowest prices. Mail orders, information promptly. Catalogue 20 cents (stamps).

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue at 56th. "New York's largest French Bookshop. Over 500,000 French Books in stock."

### *FRENCH BOOKS*

THE UNITED FRENCH PUBLISHERS, specially organized for the benefit of Libraries, Universities, Public Institutions and Collectors. All French books direct from France. No stock. Strictly mail orders. Full bibliographical information and complete catalogues upon request, and production of credentials. 1819 Broadway, Tel. Columbus 1551.

VISIT THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 W. 96th Street (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Low prices. Catalogues 5 cents (stamps).

### *GENERAL*

ODD CURIOS, unusual and extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Bookshop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

YOUR COAT OF ARMS correctly and handsomely executed in water color. Authentic work guaranteed. William Stanley Hall, 132 Lexington Avenue, New York.

WRITE FOR OUR LIST OF PRESS BOOKS, including all of the famous modern Presses. GELBER, LILIENTHAL, INC., 336 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

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MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as writer, editor, publisher. Helpful text-books. Catalogue. James Knapp Reeve and Agnes M. Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

MATHILDE WEIL. LITERARY agent, Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York City.

STORY IDEAS FOR PHOTOPLAYS, talking pictures, magazines. Accepted any form for revision, development, copyright, and submission to markets. Established 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 411 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood, Calif.

### *LITERARY SERVICES*

YOUR MANUSCRIPT SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, pubished books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections. Publications planned. Editor, literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

### *OUT OF PRINT*

OUT-OF-PRINT Books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

### *RARE BOOKS*

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS' Current and Forthcoming catalogues, free to collectors specifying interests: No. 60, English and American Remainders (Fine, New Books at greatly reduced prices),—No. 69, The Famous Hans Mischke Library of Art and illustrated Books,—No. 70, Americana, —No. 71, Fine and Standard Library Sets, —No. 72, Miscellaneous Books (including Anthropology, Magic, Occult),—No. 73, Natural History and Sports,—No. 74, First Editions. Fine and Rare books—Visit our Attractive Shop and inspect our large choice and reasonably priced stock of Rare, Old and New Books. Open until 10 p. m. Dauber & Pine Bookshop, 66 Fifth Avenue at 12th Street, New York.

READ RARE BOOKS; MEMBERS throughout the United States read without buying rare, scarce out-of-print books; limited privately printed editions; unexpurgated translations. When writing for information state occupation or profession. Call in person if you prefer. Esoterika Biblion Society, Inc., Dept. G-4, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

RARE BOOKS AND AUTOGRAPHS for sale. Interesting catalogue free. Atkinson, 188 Packham Rye, London, England.

### *SCHEDULE OF RATES*

ADVERTISING RATES for this classified page are as follows: for twenty consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 7 cents a word; for any less number of insertion 10 cents a word. The forms close on Friday morning eight days before publication date. Address Department GH, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York, or telephone BRY ant 0896.


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*from* THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
**SIMON *and* SCHUSTER**
**Publishers, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York***

BENJAMIN GINZBURG, *author of* THE ADVENTURE OF SCIENCE—FROM PYTHAGORAS TO EINSTEIN, *just published.*

*". . . Science has proved itself by its works. It has extended the power of man over nature. It has given us exact and valid knowledge about a large portion of reality. And above all it has provided man with a model of precise reasoning and scrupulous and methodical search for truth. It is here, rather than in any metaphysical systems erected on the basis of science, that lies the true value of science. The success of science is not an invitation for other forms of reason to lay down their arms, it is an inspiration for the quickening of the greater adventure of the spirit."*

This paragraph from page 461 of BENJAMIN GINZBURG's new book, *The Adventure of Science*, gives the temper not only of a notable and distinguished work long awaited by scholars and laymen alike, but also of a far-flung program in the humanization of knowledge.

*"In the House of the Spirit there are many mansions, built one and all by the restless creative urge of man. There are the rich and gorgeously adorned mansions of literature and the arts, and there are the drabber but more utilitarian chambers of technology and economic pursuits. There is the sanctuary of the religious striving, and the roaming corridors of philosophy. Finally there are the rooms given over to natural science, rooms so ascetically built and so chastely furnished that at first sight they seem neither to have been fashioned by human hands nor intended for human habitation."*

There has been no more eloquent statement of the spirit which prompted the writing and publishing of such Inner Sanctum books as *The Story of Philosophy*, *The Mansions of Philosophy*, *The Story of Religion*, *Crucibles—The Lives and Achievements of the Great Chemists*, *The Great Astronomers*, *Twelve Against the Gods*, *The Story of Adventure*—not to mention *The Francis Bacon Award for the Humanizing of Knowledge* and the projected volumes on *Men of Art*, *The Story of Music*, *Studies in Genius*, and *The Story of Civilization*.

This adventure of publishing, which will require almost two decades to carry out, is now fittingly climaxed by *The Adventure of Science—from Pythagoras to Einstein*.

Here is a book which scholars can acclaim and laymen understand—a chronicle which clarifies, marshals and animates the intellectual epic of three thousand years, centers it graphically around the dominant personalities, and yet never debases or dilutes the substance. In his studies at Columbia, Harvard and the University of Paris, DR. GINZBURG has been profoundly influenced by the teachings of WHITEHEAD, DEWEY and RUSSELL.

*The Adventure of Science* is not a loosely-strung-together series of biographical studies. It is an integrated exposition of humanity's one tangible example of definite and continued progress. It is adventure in its loftiest sense, and science in its deepest significance. Here we have one of those noble books for the years of which it can be truly said that its most alluring advertisement is simply the table of contents.

ESSANDESS.

The AMERICAN PUBLIC MIND
By Peter Odegard
A book on public opinion—up-to-date, authoritative and interesting.
$2.50
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

# THE PHOENIX NEST

IN the first place, before we go any farther, we wish to record that *Bess O'Melveney*, of Washington, D. C., *Mrs. B. K. Hays*, of Oxford, N. C., and *E. F. Rambo*, of Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio, have all informed us that "A. H. Reinhard," of Mills College, California, as noted in our column of October 11th, is really the lady President of Mills College, Mrs. Aurelia Henry Reinhard, one of the well-known college presidents. We apologize for having referred to her in the masculine gender. We thank all the above ladies for setting us right. One of them also gives us Delightful, Ohio, for our list of place-names, adding, "It's a peaceful, unincorporated village," and another sends us a clipping from *The News and Observer* of Raleigh, N. C., which reveals such names as Spot, N. C., Day Book, and City, in the same state, and the fact that North Carolina is "peppered with girls' names" for its towns. Also, "Not only is there a Duck in Dare County, but there's a Hawk in Mitchell, a Trout and a Fig in Ashe, and Toast in Surry." Climax is in Guilford County! . . .

As to *Kipling's* "The Feet of the Young Men" not being included in anthologies of modern verse, *Clyde M. Brundy* tells us that it is in "Modern Verse," compiled by *Anita P. Forbes* and published by Henry Holt, and *Jessie B. Rittenhouse* that it appears in her "Little Book of Modern British Verse" which came out in 1924. . . .

*Alice Grant Rosman's* novels have been popular, particularly "Visitors to Hugo." She gave in them charming incidental portraits of dogs. Now she has devoted a whole book to a dog, "Jock the Scot," published by Minton, Balch. . . .

The Cresset Press has printed *Sylvia Townsend Warner's* "Elinor Barley." It is illustrated in dry-point by *Miss I. R. Hodgkins*. The edition is limited to three hundred and fifty copies at twenty-five dollars, and to thirty other copies at sixty-seven dollars. The first is on mould-made paper, the second on hand-made. Each copy is signed by the author, and the thirty special copies are accompanied by a separate set of signed illustrations. The sole distributors in the United States are *Walter V. McKee, Inc.*, 56 West 45th Street, this city. . . .

A few sure shots at books to buy and keep this fall are: *John Hodgdon Bradley's* "Parade of the Living" (Coward-McCann), a successful humanizing of scientific knowledge; *Michael Ossorgin's* "Quiet Street" (Lincoln MacVeagh); "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," by *Grace Zaring Stone* (Bobbs-Merrill); "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," by *F. Yeats-Brown* (The Viking Press), and "Swift," by *Carl Van Doren*, from the same firm. . . .

In England last Spring we read the novel, "Nothing to Pay," by *Caradoc Evans*, which W. W. Norton & Company is now bringing out over here. *Frank Morley* of Faber & Faber was then a great rooter for it in England. At the Norton Company they regard the novel as unapproachable "for concentrated savagery." Evans used to live the life of a *Gissing* in a Soho garret. *Thomas Burke* has recently written an appreciation of him in which he mentions that. When lecturing in his native Wales, Mr. Evans used to stir up the natives considerably. His "My People," you may remember, was suppressed, but only in Wales. "Nothing to Pay" is strong, virile writing. It is the work of a powerful realist. . . .

In mentioning *Norman Lindsay* recently, the Australian who has also stirred up his own countrymen with "Every Mother's Son" (Cosmopolitan), we forgot to say that he is considered by art critics a considerable black and white artist. He has made a very large income from his drawings. *Saturday Review* readers may have seen an English magazine, *The London Aphrodite*, edited by *Jack Lindsay*. That is Norman Lindsay's son. . . .

A while ago the Savoy Hotel in London, or rather its representative with an address in Brooklyn, sent us some notes as to some celebrities staying at the Savoy. Among them were our old friend, *George H. Doran*, who there entertained *Bennett*, *Wells*, *Sir Philip Gibbs*, *Maugham*, *Drinkwater*, and *Charles B. Cochran*; and *Rafael Sabatini*, who has now arrived in this country, but who, before he left England, gave a supper party in the Savoy grill for *Mr. and Mrs. E. Phillips Oppenheim*. *Anita Loos* and her husband, *John Emerson*, were also fairly recently stopping at the Savoy. . . .

We are glad that *Clarence H. Knapp's* Sob Ballads, which have brightened a corner in *The New Yorker* for some time, and from time to time, have now been enshrined in a tasteful volume from Putnam with excellent old style cuts by *Donald Streeter* and "a few kind words by *Frank Sullivan* and *Corey Ford*." The passion for introduction has recently led publishers not to be content with merely one introducer. There must be several. Names, names! We are a bit tired of it. Mr. Knapp's take-offs on the old-time sentimental heart-throb narrative in verse with its affecting refrain are good enough to stand by themselves. . . .

But such tricks of the trade are beautifully presented in *Youman's* "Best Seller" (Bobbs-Merrill), a book with no great merits as a novel, but with considerable as a picture of the publishing business up-to-date in this country. It is hardly satire at that, it is almost photography. The sales conference, the pestiferous popular author, the wild parties, all the general blah and ballyhoo, and the real and desperate problem of selling books in a time of the intensest competition and a flooded market. Everyone in the business will recognize the types Mr. Youmans presents. The point of view is from the office of the advertising department. On the whole, Mr. Youmans gives a fair picture. That is the way conferences go in the book business, and that is the way books "go" or don't. Some of it is rich, the truer the richer. Books are odd and unpredictable commodities, but publishing has within the last decade been forced into high-pressure salesmanship. At that we honestly believe that the book with a genuine claim to being considered literature gets a better "break" than ever before. . . .

But the multiplicity of books and the difficulty of marketing them all with any great amount of success has also led to more and more sensationalism. Advertising inevitably tends to inflate and distort values. All reputable publishers desire to put out books of genuine merit, but to conduct a profitable business they must have sales. They must show the bookseller sales. He, also, naturally, cannot afford to be a mere philanthropist. There is the constant search for the book with large sales possibilities. This has led of late to certain desperate experiments with all sorts of "stunt" volumes. Publishing ingenuity has, indeed, strained itself in every direction to catch the popular fancy. And the strenuousness and indefatigability of American business has manifested itself in the publishing field as in all others. The recent catchword, "a racket," has already been loosely applied to many forms of national industry; it has been slung at certain phases of the publishing business, no less, with a certain amount of justification. A book like "Best Seller" is therefore a healthy sign that the modern publishing business is probably able to enjoy a laugh at itself. . . .

The moving-picture industry has come in for a great deal of satire of late, most of it deserved. With the play, "Once in a Lifetime," on the boards this fall the many laughs at the Hollywood situation have found a focus. Yet we may not unreasonably expect in the fairly near future that some up-to-the-minute dramatist will catch at the whole publishing situation for material for another rich comedy. The material is there. And this is not to say that the publishers are not all striving to manufacture and distribute books of genuine merit. Editorial departments everywhere plough through masses of mediocre material hoping for the spark from heaven. Mr. Youmans gives us the variety of types of persons that are met with in the average publishing office today; and in his account of his sales conference he does not stack his cards. There are many funny moments in his novel and a few rather ghastly ones. His people are largely voices but their intellects and appetites seem to operate rather like those of the general run in New York today. His is ephemeral work, topical, hot off the griddle,—but the author has acumen and may develop as a satirist. . . .

THE PHOENICIAN.

# *The* AMEN CORNER

The Oxford University Press has accustomed us to expect fine books, definitive editions, and authoritative works. But it occurs to us that it is unusual, even for this institution, to have on its current list as many new books of the very first importance as we have found on their shelf of recent publications.

In these days of tremendous discovery new and revolutionary scientific theories seem to the layman to be evolved with startling rapidity. Just last month a young Cambridge scientist, Dr. P. A. M. Dirac, presented before the British Association for the Advancement of Science a theory of the atom which was immediately hailed by Sir Oliver Lodge and other members of the Association as a step in a new direction. The basis of this remarkable theory is contained in a book called *Quantum Mechanics*[1] lately published by the Oxford Press. Hardly second in importance is *The Genetical Theory of Natural Selection*[2] by Dr. R. A. Fisher, which the *Times Literary Supplement* (London) calls "the most important contribution to biological theory which has appeared in any country in the last quarter of a century," and "the beginning of a new phase in the endeavor to understand the living world." In this country the *Journal of Heredity* says it "is certain to take rank as one of the major contributions to the theory of evolution."

Another memorable publication of quite a different nature is the magnificent volume *A Production*[3] by Gordon Craig. His designs for the great production of Ibsen's *The Pretenders* in Copenhagen, 1926, are made available for producers, libraries, and collectors. One reviewer wrote: "It is difficult to say enough of this remarkable book. . . . Students and lovers of the theater owe the publishers a large debt of gratitude for this rare glimpse of the mind and art of the theater's incomparably greatest artist."

Quite as notable in its way as any of the books we have mentioned is Arnaud Dandieu's *Marcel Proust: Sa Révélation Psychologique*.[4] M. Avel Chevalley wrote from Paris to the *Saturday Review of Literature*: "I am not sure that anything has yet been published about Marcel Proust that compete for wealth and range of ideas. . . . Dandieu's book contains the main key to his work." In fact, it is probably the most important book on Proust in any language, and if you are Proustian, as we are, you will not miss getting it.

Another important literary event was the publication this summer of the *Life of Gerard Manley Hopkins*,[5] by his fellow Jesuit, Father Gerald Lahey. This is the only adequate study of a Victorian poet who was more modern than most moderns. It is to be followed this month by a re-issue of Hopkins's *Poems*,[6] edited by the late Robert Bridges, with seventeen new poems. The first edition, published in 1918, has been out of print for some time, and we are eagerly awaiting the new edition.

We hesitate to use the word "important" again, but the *Oxford University Press* has laid us under the necessity. For they have just published not only one of the most important books which they have issued in recent years, but probably the most "serious" book about Shakespeare published for a very long time in any language. This is *William Shakespeare: A Study of Facts and Problems*,[7] by Sir E. K. Chambers. His previous books, *The Mediaeval Stage*,[8] and *The Elizabethan Stage*,[9] were, one might say, contributory to this. Such being the nature of the work, it will be the centre of any serious Shakespeare library whether public or private.

One more book we must mention. It is in our favorite *World's Classics*. Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*[10] is to be reissued with an introduction by Mr. H. W. Garrod. But although it is called a re-issue it is really a new issue, for the text has now for the first time been collated with Emily's own edition of 1847. The Yorkshire dialect is as she wrote, instead of as modified by Charlotte for frightened readers.

But "Sat Troiae Priamoque datum!" Here are enough important books to turn the head of any ordinary publishing house, though we have only started on the Oxford list.[11]

THE OXONIAN.

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# A Letter from England

By J. B. Priestley

THESE last two or three weeks, the spotlight has been on Somerset Maugham, who has brought out both a new play and a new novel. The play is "The Breadwinner," a very sardonic comedy of a stockbroker who allows himself to be "hammered," that is, publicly cast out of reputable business, because he is bored with his wife, his son, and his daughter, and sees no reason why he should go on working for them. He has twenty thousand pounds—it really should go to his creditors—and he gives his wife and family fifteen thousand and keeps the remaining five for himself. It is a clever, cynical little piece—with one or two awkward patches of sentiment in it—and represents, of course, a reversal of the conventional revolt-of-youth theme. Indeed, I think the best passage is that in which the defaulting father calmly points out to his astonished son and daughter that they bore him, with their tedious chatter. But I agree with the dramatic critic who wrote that this was not a complete rounded comedy but only the beginning of one. Instead of three acts (the action is continuous throughout the play), showing how father left home, there ought to have been only one, the first, and then there ought to have been two more acts showing us what happened afterwards. How did the wife and children behave with their fifteen thousand pounds? What became of the former stockbroker after he retired to the continent on an income of five pounds a week?

The novel has attracted more attention than the play in literary circles. I am surprised, though, that there has not been a bigger rumpus, for when I read the novel before publication I anticipated a colossal row. "Cakes and Ale, or The Skeleton in the Cupboard," is the title of this novel. It is told by a writer, one Ashenden, who has figured in Maugham's fiction before and bears a very close resemblance to Maugham himself. Ashenden describes his relations with Edward Driffield, a very distinguished novelist who lived to become the Grand Old Man of Letters. When Ashenden was a mere boy and Driffield was a struggling writer, recently married to an ex-barmaid who was anything but faithful to him, the two became acquainted. Later, in London, when Driffield was beginning to make a name, they met again, and Ashenden, like several other young men in the set, made love very successfully to Mrs. Driffield. Then Mrs. Driffield ran away with an old flame of hers to America. Driffield, after some years, married again, this time with the nurse who had looked after him, and settled down, not always very comfortably, to become a Grand Old Man. At the end of the book, we have a last glimpse of the first Mrs. Driffield, now a widow in America and as sprightly as ever, though a very old woman. This first Mrs. Driffield seems to me the only real character in the book, and she is an interesting study of the easy-going a-moral woman, who out of good nature allows any friend to enjoy her beautiful body. Driffield himself is a far more shadowy figure, and not very successful. For the rest, there is, as usual, some very good writing in the book, and some amusing and sardonic comments on the literary life.

But why should there be a rumpus? For this reason, that it is impossible to escape the feeling that Driffield is intended as a portrait of Hardy. The reader who jumps to this conclusion has every excuse. Hardy, like Driffield, was born and bred in the country, was fond of cycling and rubbing old church brasses, was a long time before he received adequate recognition, had one of his best novels banned, married twice, returned to the country to be a Grand Old Man, was given the O. M. On being taxed with this, Somerset Maugham has declared that he did not intend this to be a portrait of Hardy, that he only met Hardy once and knew very little about him, and that he had a perfect right to invent a distinguished novelist and give him any traits that he pleased. And here, it seems to me, is revealed a very pretty little problem in literary ethics, and one that is likely to become more and more important as the tendency to find material for fiction in real life increases, as it seems likely to do. Maugham's case is simple enough. He would say that no reader has any right to decide that Edward Driffield is Thomas Hardy and then to attack him, Maugham, because Driffield has certain unpleasant characteristics not found in Hardy. It is the reader and not Somerset Maugham who has turned Driffield into Hardy and Hardy into Driffield. That sounds convincing, but I for one do not think the matter is so easily settled. While deploring this habit of finding "keys" to characters and actions in fiction, I think the novelist must take upon himself a certain responsibility. If, for example, Maugham did not intend his readers to be reminded of Hardy, then he acted with a strange stupidity (and a less stupid man than Somerset Maugham never put pen to paper) when he set to work to create the figure of Edward Driffield. There are far too many coincidences of fact.

Suppose that I wrote a rather scandalous story of contemporary literary life, and made the chief character in it a distinguished novelist and dramatist, a man who lived in a beautiful villa on the Riviera, who had once been a medical student, and who in many other ways had a curious resemblance to Mr. W. Somerset Maugham. I think Mr. Maugham would protest, or if he did not, his friends would. I could reply, with perfect truth, that I had simply written a novel, that I had never exchanged a word with Mr. Maugham and had only set eyes on him once, and that if people were foolish enough to think that I had been writing about Somerset Maugham when I had been merely writing about my fictitious Aloysius Jones, it was their affair and not mine. But I do not think that Mr. Maugham or his friends would be satisfied. He and they would feel that I had started something unpleasant that I could not stop, and that my lack of tact—to say the least of it—looked like working a good deal of mischief. For once, Sir Toby's sublime retort does not convince me: "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" I think it would be better if there was no more of this "Cakes and Ale."

Two of our most distinguished novelists, both senior to Maugham, were agreeing in my presence the other day that Maugham was greatly undervalued as a novelist here. In America, where "Of Human Bondage," his most ambitious novel, has long commanded a huge public (and I have heard it maliciously stated that this is because it is a study of an inferiority complex), I fancy that he enjoys the reputation he deserves as a novelist. If he does not here, I do not think it is from any failure to appreciate the individual worth of any of his stories, though it may be that his somewhat dry, hard manner, more French than English in its fine frugality, is not quite to the taste of the general English reading public. (I think the English, even at this late date, still prefer a copious gusto in their novelists, for that is the tradition.) I should say at a venture that he is undervalued as a novelist simply because he has been so successful as a dramatist. Versatility in an art is always regarded with slight suspicion in England, unfortunately, and some writers—Maurice Hewlett was one and Hilaire Belloc is another—have paid dearly for their interest in many different forms. And it has always been especially difficult for a writer to command equal attention and respect both inside and outside of the theater. Thus, once Barrie was accepted as a dramatist, people lost interest in him as a novelist. Arnold Bennett has always been seriously accepted as a novelist but not as a dramatist. Galsworthy has combined both reputations, but I fancy that even he has been rather "out" in one capacity when he has been very much "in" in another. St. John Ervine and Clemence Dane have both written some excellent fiction, but nobody bothers about it much. Now Somerset Maugham's stage successes have been enormous, and I think they have overshadowed, by the sheer glare of theatrical publicity thrown on them, what seems to be the far more solid merit of his fiction. He himself, I understand, takes his novels and other non-theatrical prose work (for "The Gentleman in the Parlour" showed him to be an essayist of travel of extraordinary merit) far more seriously than he does his plays. His comedies are astonishingly clever, but the best of his fiction is more than clever and I think it will be enjoyed and studied long after his plays have been swept from the stage by some succeeding fashion in drama, less brilliant than this work perhaps but at once more robust and truer to ordinary life.

Victor Gollancz's scheme for bringing out new novels at three shillings in paper covers has been given very wide publicity in the press, which seems to regard it as a bolder and more revolutionary move than it actually is. It has been tried before here, though not recently, and the book trade in general, though looking on with interest, is not wildly excited about it. American readers should remember that nearly all books of any merit in this country very soon find their way into cheap editions. My own objection, as an author, to the cheap new book is that the author receives a disproportionately small royalty and thus has to sell not merely two or three times the old number but five or six times that number, and this has to be done very quickly. I will let you know what happens with this experiment.

## Experience and Dogma

(*Continued from page 287*)

is likewise capable, as Verlaine showed on occasion, of being treated poetically.

Then there is the utilitarian meaning of the word "life." Ask the ultra-modern pedagogue what his aim is, and he will reply that it is to prepare his pupils for life, by which he means economic success. He often indulges in various fads and fancies in the name of a shallow practicality, and at the same time neglects almost completely the training that would be necessary for the humanistic or the religious life.

It should surely be plain from all I have said that those who recognize the different types of experience that have been summed up in the varying meanings of the word "life" are less open to the charge of narrowness and dogmatism than those who still wear the blinders of a dogmatic naturalism and so recognize only one type of experience. Mr. Elmer Davis accuses me of rejecting Mr. Walter Lippmann because "he crosses himself with two fingers instead of three;* but the issue that divides Mr. Lippmann and myself, that, namely, of a dualistic versus a monistic philosophy, plainly involves first principles and so is not subject to mediation or compromise. It does not follow that intolerance should be displayed on either side of the debate or even that one should lose one's temper. Mr. Davis, leaving "Humanism and America" half read in order to discharge a volley of angry epithets, may recall to some the seventeenth century viscount who went to one of Molière's plays but, as Boileau relates, "rushed out indignantly in the midst of the second act."

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Announcement has been made that henceforth the Simon Guggenheim Memorial Fellowships, granted to assist scholars and artists to carry on research and creative work, will be open to citizens of Argentina and Chile. The foundation, for a time, made its grants for work abroad only to citizens or permanent residents of the United States, but one year ago the founders of the Fellowship added one million dollars of endowment to set up a plan of Latin American Exchange Fellowships to be additional to the work of the Foundation in the United States.

* See his letter to the *Saturday Review of Literature*, March 8, 1930.


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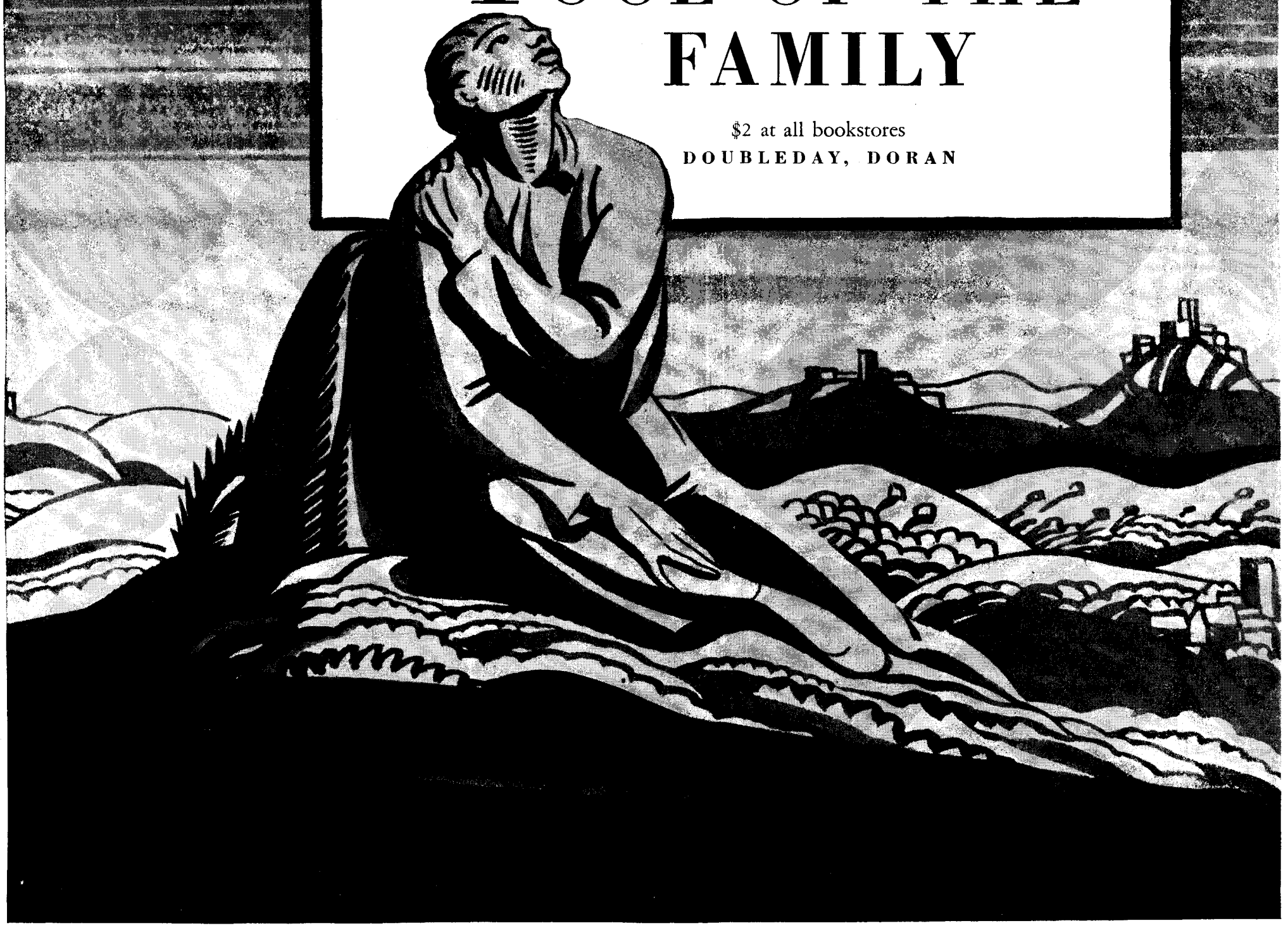


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